National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Pro-Slavery.

THE INFIDELITY OF ABOLITIONISM.

IN speaking of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society, recently held at Norristown, the Philadelphia *News* says:

"Those who yet entertain any doubt of the truth of the charge that most of the Abolition leaders are in truth Infidels, need but procure a copy of the proceedings of the Convention at Norristown, and read the discussion which took place there, to satisfy themselves that the charge is not unfounded in truth. Those proceedings afford ample proof that infidelity has made such progress among those one-idea fanatics, and seized hold so strongly upon the minds of most of the leaders, as to constitute now one of the chief topics of discussion at their gatherings, and to be the subject of constant contention and dispute among them."

No one who will read the proceedings of all or any of the Abolition Conventions, held during the past year or two, can doubt that the leaders of the sect are infidels, and that their followers are rapidly becoming so. Having but one idea, and but one plank in the platform of their belief—arrogating to themselves entire infallibility—treating the opinions of others with an intolerance that knows no charity—they stand ready to assail the belief of every man and of every body of men that does not come up to their standard—that does not square with their one principle. Hence not only the leading statesmen of the country, both dead and living, receive their maledictions, but Ministers of the Gospel, and the Church itself, are attacked with the violence of madness. And not content with this—obviously to show their contempt of all things sacred and divine—they deny the authenticity of the Bible, and speak of God with a levity that is shockingly horrible.

We have not seen the proceedings of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society alluded to by our Philadelphia contemporary; but those of the Conventions which assembled at Springfield, Mass., four or five months ago, are fresh in our memory, and must be in that of our readers. Never was there a more disgraceful assemblage in a civilized community than that. Could the French infidels, who abolished the Bible and solemnly declared that there was no God, have been present, they would have been overwhelmed with amazement; for there were no such scenes in the darkest days of French infidelity as those enacted at Springfield.

What sort of friends to the slave are Garrison and Abby Kelly, or the other kindred spirits that congregate at Abolition Conventions? They deem it a humane act to steal negroes from their masters, run them into Canada, and there leave them to starve; but so actuated by "*principle*," are they that they would not contribute a dollar to purchase all the slaves in Christendom. And they would be satisfied with no plan by which Slavery should be gradually abolished—*immediate abolition*, regardless of consequences, is their watchword, or no abolition at all. Impracticable on every subject, their influence is all for evil—in no respect for good.

But the infidelity of this sect—their attacks upon the Christian Church and the Christian Religion—their assaults upon the Bible, and their denial of God—we desire to hold up to public attention and public reprobation. The evil is perhaps one that can best cure itself; but right thinking men, no matter what may be their peculiar opinions in regard to Slavery, should discourage, in all proper ways, the propagation of doctrines which so inevitably lead to infidelity. We observe that the West has lately become a field over which several of this sect are travelling as itinerant lecturers. Our own city has been recently visited by some of them. They sow poisonous seed, from which grows fruit to eat whereof is death. While we would tolerate free speech on all questions, yet when any of these infidel Abolition lecturers come along, we would counsel that they be allowed to address empty benches and naked walls.—*Detroit Free Press—Gen. Cass's Organ.*

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

WE have procured for insertion in our paper today a late opinion of Attorney General Cushing in regard to the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, which will be read with interest by all who desire to see that essential feature of the Compromise faithfully sustained. The Fugitive Slave law is well known to be the vital portion of the adjustment, and a moment's reflection will satisfy any one that unless the law is executed with fidelity it ceases to be of any value. But the law can only be executed by marshals who are willing to encounter every obstacle in the discharge of their duties. The Abolitionists understand this thoroughly, and hence the violent assaults which are made upon those marshals who manifest the right determination in executing the law. We have lately witnessed scenes of this kind in Pennsylvania, and we may expect it wherever there is the slightest hope of operating upon a marshal, either by force, intimidation, or other appliances. To have the Fugitive Slave law executed, the government must protect and sustain its marshals in the execution of their duties; and this opinion of Attorney General Cushing, which has received the approval of the President, shows that the administration intend to stand by those marshals who are faithful in executing their trust. The opinion of Gen. Cushing is clear, pointed, and conclusive—defining the law with distinctness and ability, and illustrating fully the settled policy of the administration, as well as its determination to see the laws faithfully executed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
14th November, 1853.

SIR: The Secretary of the Interior has referred to me a letter of the Hon. J. D. Bright, one of the Senators of the State of Indiana, with documents accompanying the same, by which the following facts appear:

In June last, Pleasant Ellington, of the State of Missouri, instituted proceedings in due form, at Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, for the reclamation of John Freeman, a coloured man residing at Indianapolis, alleging that Freeman had escaped from service due to Ellington, in the State of Kentucky; and a warrant was issued by a commissioner of the United States, directed to John L. Robinson, marshal of the United States for the State of Indiana, commanding him to arrest Freeman, and hold him to abide lawful decision in the premises. On hearing before the commissioner, the alleged fugitive applied for time to obtain evidence to disprove the claim, which was granted; and at an adjourned hearing, about two months afterwards, it was proved satisfactorily that Freeman did not owe service to Ellington, and he was accordingly discharged and released; whereupon, he has brought suit against the marshal for alleged misfeasance in the premises in his arrest, detention, and personal examination.

In view of which facts, Mr. Bright inquires, in behalf of the marshal—

1st. Whether the case can be transferred from the courts of the State of Indiana to those of the United States? And

2d. Whether the marshal may be authorized to employ counsel in his defence at the charge of the United States?

In regard to the first point, I am of opinion that, both parties being inhabitants of the State of Indiana, there is no existing provision of law by which the case can be removed to the court of the United States; and I do not think it expedient in this case, at least in the present stage of it, to suggest any other possible mode of bringing it before the courts of the United States. It may, of course, be made the subject of revision there.

As to the second point, I am of opinion that it would be proper for the President to authorize the employment of counsel, at the public charge, for the defence of the marshal.

It is the constitutional duty of the President "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." This by no means implies that he shall interpose in a matter of mere individual and private litigation. But cases do sometimes occur between private individuals, or more frequently where a public officer is a party, in which a public interest is incidentally involved, rendering it lawful and advisable that counsel be employed by the United States. And it may be a case of public concernment, though no property of the United States be at stake; for the integrity of the constitution and conservation of the laws are a matter of much greater importance to the government than the defence of a parcel of the national domain or the collection of duties on a cargo of imported merchandise. In any such case, it is a question of discretion on the part of the President or a head of department to employ counsel for the United States or not, according to his judgment of the particular circumstances, without its being possible to lay down any more specific general rule on the subject. I have no doubt of the power of the President in such emergencies; it is of familiar practice in the daily business of the government.

Examples of this are not wanting in cases where no officer of the United States is a party, and no interest of the United States directly concerned, other than the general security of the constitution, or the peace and honour of the government. Of this an illustration occurs in the part which the United States took in the case, some years since, of the indictment found in the State of New York against Alexander McLeod.

I shall not attempt to lay down any general rule of executive discretion in such cases, for the reason already intimated, that this discretion must of necessity be guided by the particular circumstances. But questions in the execution of laws which affect the relation of the United States to foreign governments, or the relation of the States between themselves or them and the federal government, may, it seems to me, call occasionally for the employment of counsel in behalf of the ministerial officers of the United States whose official acts are in controversy.

In fact, the government of the United States acts in the domestic affairs of the country chiefly through its judicial and ministerial officers. Attack on them while administering the laws, so as thus to render acts of Congress ineffective, is the first step, as all the history of the country indicates, in the progress of insurrection; and the defence of those officers, in such contingencies, is the defence of the integrity and stability of the government (See United States *vs.* Vigol, ii Dallas, 248; United States *vs.* Fries, pamph., Phil., 1800; Shay's case, Minot's History of the insurrections in Massachusetts).

I think the class of cases, of which the present is one, belong to the same category, in their nature, and in their relation of importance to the public welfare and to the duty of the President: seeing that the faithful execution of the acts of Congress for the inter-State extradition of fugitives from service, in the face of organized combinations to defeat or resist that execution, and to harass those engaged in it by vexatious suits, or other unlawful or unjust contrivances, is plainly essential to the peace of the country and the safety of the Union.

There is a recent provision of law which expressly recognises the power of the President in the premises. It is the act of August 31, 1852, ch. 108, *s.* 11, which enacts, "That where the ministerial officers of the United States have or shall incur extraordinary expenses in executing the laws thersof, the payment of which is not specifically provided for, the President of the United States is authorized to allow the payment thereof, under the special taxation of the district or circuit court of the district in which the said services have been or shall be rendered, to be paid from the appropriation for defraying the expenses of the judiciary" (Session Laws, 1851–'52, p. 99). For aught I can see to the contrary, this provision of law is directly applicable to the subject-matter, and was designed to be so by Congress.

I advise, therefore, that the authority prayed for be, under suitable regulation, given in this case to the marshal.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. CUSHING.

To the PRESIDENT.

—*Washington Union.*

Selections.

REMARKABLE FAITH IN PROVIDENCE.

AT the recent meeting of the New School Synod of New York and New Jersey, the subject of Slavery came up for discussion; and a very proper subject it was, seeing that a large portion of the New School Presbyterian Church are involved in the sin of slaveholding. After prolonged debate and no small excitement, and when some half-a-dozen resolutions had been offered and proved unsatisfactory, a vote was finally passed declaring that the whole subject was submitted to Divine Providence and ought not to be hereafter agitated in any way in the judicatories of the Church! Did our readers ever meet with so submissive a spirit and such a noteworthy manifestation of confidence in God? They were so certain that God would do what was wise and right with reference to Slavery, and that in respect to time, measures and instrumentalities, that they were willing to trust it wholly to him without further interference on their part! Indeed they were anxious that none of their co-religionists should disturb the operations of Providence by untimely or unwise agitation, and therefore frowned an awful frown upon all disposed to such impious measures. Truly we stand amazed in breathless admiration of such sublime faith, an admiration only diminished by a slight suspicion that if they were slaves instead of theorizers about Slavery, they might not attain to such heroic conclusions. Though the spirit should be willing, the flesh might be weak, especially if it should be sore from a recent scourging. How easy it is to submit the care of *other* men to Providence! What resignation we evince under the afflictions which come upon our neighbours! Now as slaveholding exists in the church, it would seem to be peculiarly proper to discuss the question of Abolition in ecclesiastical bodies; and as the Synod discountenance it there, we must conclude that they are opposed to its agitation anywhere, in Church or in State. What have we, then, but a third edition of the Baltimore platform, the first being Democratic, the second Whig, and the third Presbyterian—all aimed at the suppression of the Slavery agitation. But then the original Baltimore platforms said nothing about leaving the matter to Providence; it was the happy thought of ecclesiastics to do that. But perhaps the politicians *meant* the same, for we never knew them averse to allowing Providence to do up all the troublesome good that was to be accomplished. But it *is* a little strange, that the Synod did not hint at the results which they wished or expected Providence to secure. That omission, however, may be only an additional proof of their faith. We once heard of a man who, in attempting to make a submissive yet earnest prayer, said, "O Lord, we do not presume to *dictate*, but only to *advise*." The Synod were too good theologians to fall into that blunder, but was their escape owing to their superior submission or to their lack of earnestness?

But why is not their doctrine applicatory to other questions in which ecclesiastical bodies are interested? Why not commit Sabbath-breaking, dancing, intemperance, Romanism, Mohammedanism, heathenism and infidelity to the sole care of Divine Providence? Is God unable to take charge of so many subjects, or is human assistance so much more necessary to him in these latter cases? Would it not be rather astounding to the good people if the American Board should imitate the Synod, and at the next annual meeting solemnly commit the whole subject of missions to Divine Providence, deprecating any human interference? If Providence is to become sole operator in reform, what need is there of the church and hence of the Synod? Cannot God assume the charge of religion as well as of philanthropy, if we must separate the two? We imagine we hear the voice of old Leo X. sounding through the ages, and, amid the agitation caused by Luther's attempt to reform abuses out of the church, piously deprecating contention and committing the work of reform exclusively to Divine Providence. Alas! if such wishes and counsels had prevailed, the Synod of New York and New Jersey would not have been in existence the other day to attempt to bury the Slavery agitation in the grave of their spurious submission. And then to think that the resolution should have been moved by a minister who once claimed to be an Abolitionist! But that was in his early days, before the degree of D. D. had come like a mantle of conservatism upon his shoulders. When next he discourses to his people on the doctrine of a universal Providence, and attempts to reconcile it with human agency and responsibility, or when next he preaches from the text, "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also," may we be there to hear him recant the solemn nonsense of his Synodical resolution.

And now, seriously, how do these ministers and elders, in Synod convened, suppose that infidels and men of the world will be affected when they read the resolution in question? How can they avoid being unspeakably disgusted with the attempt to dispose of a great and pressing question—which, so far as this country is concerned, is *the* question of the age, in Church or State—by the verbally reverential but actually incorrect commission of it to Providence as a substitute for Christian labour? Will it be alleged that there seemed to be no prospect of accomplishing anything by labour for the slave? What a confession would that be of the impotence and folly of the church, as though there were *any* moral evil for which Christians could not find a remedy. Need we be surprised that infidels increase, when the church is so shy of encountering the great moral questions of the day and confesses itself incompetent to indicate the path of active duty? Surely the business of Christian men is to consult when they meet for the overthrow of sin and especially for the purification of the church, and not to devise cunning expedients for evading responsibility. The glory of a Doctor or Divinity should be, that he takes the lead in efforts to make religion practical and to constitute the church a power before which wickedness shall tremble, and not that he concocts a resolution which eases off the conscience of a Synod which is fleeing from duty. God grant that neither the author of the resolution nor his children may ever suffer want, and when they cry aloud for help be coolly committed to Divine Providence. "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man saith he hath faith [in Providence] and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

THE NEW YORK SLAVE INSURRECTION —1741.

THE administration of Lieutenant Governor Clark continued until the year 1743. The most exciting event which occurred in the City during his administration was the negro insurrection of 1741, designated at the time as the "diabolical plot of the black seed of Cain, to destroy this City and set themselves up as its rulers."

The imagination of the citizens of New York had long been in the custom of indulging in apprehensions of a rising of the slaves, and other coloured people in this City, against the whites. Some evidences of an attempt of this kind were furnished in 1712, at which period several negroes were executed on the charge of insurrection, and since that period, as well as previously, stringent laws had been enacted to prevent assemblages of the negroes in any considerable numbers, and restraining them from combinations with each other for insurrectionary purposes. These laws, however, were not, it seems, sufficient to effect their object, and the negroes, with their characteristic impulsiveness and imaginative hopes, were accustomed to indulge in dreams of bettering their condition by placing themselves in the condition of their masters, with all the enjoyments of independence, wealth and unbounded license in the gratification of their desires. It is, therefore, not surprising that with such inadequate proof, so great a panic should have been produced among the white inhabitants as we are about to relate, and such direful and terrible retribution visited upon a great many poor blacks, some, at least, of whom were innocent.

The development of this affair arose out of the following circumstance. On the 28th of February, 1741, a robbery was committed at the house of a merchant named Robert Hogg, on the present corner of Broad and South William Streets. In the efforts of the police to detect the perpetrator, suspicions were directed to John Hughson, who kept a low negro groggery, from the circumstance that a servant girl, named Mary Burton, hinted to a neighbour that her employer was in the habit of receiving stolen goods in his house from negroes. Upon this suspicion Hughson was arrested, and Mary Burton, having been promised a reward for appearing against him, was detained as a witness.

Hughson kept a notorious bad house; among other inmates being a white woman, commonly called Peggy Cary, who was used to entice the negroes to that house, and was rewarded by the blacks with valuable presents, which doubtless they had to steal. This depraved woman was also arrested, and it was proved against her that a black, named Cæsar, belonging to Mr. Vaarck, had left in Peggy's room several articles of dry goods, and also some money. It was satisfactorily proven, in fact, that Cæsar was one of the robbers. He was therefore arrested, as was also another negro named Prince; and Hughson then confessed that he had received a part of the stolen goods.

Thus the matter stood on the 18th of March, the prisoners being fully committed for trial on the charge of burglary and receiving stolen goods. On that day, about noon, the Governor's house in the fort was discovered to be on fire; and that building, together with the chapel and other buildings in the fort, were all burnt. It was supposed by the Governor that the fire was accidental, and arose from the carelessness of a plumber. The next fire in the City was that of Warren's house, near the fort, which arose from the chimney having first caught, and a spark falling on the roof. This, however, was soon extinguished. The following week the storehouse of Mr. Van Zandt took fire, as is stated, from a smoker's carelessness. No material damage, however, ensued. Within the following three days, two alarms of fire occurred, but no harm was done. These accidents were certainly sufficiently remarkable in a small town to attract attention. No less than five fires within two weeks, although in no one could the occurrence be traced to incendiarism. It was sufficient, however, to excite remark; and some suspicion was fixed upon some Spanish negroes, formerly sailors on a Spanish ship, which had been taken as a prize and brought into New York, where the negro sailors were condemned, and sold into Slavery among the inhabitants.

Soon after, another chimney took fire, and also the house of Mrs. Hilton, near the Fly Market, was discovered to be on fire in the roof, but was soon extinguished. The commotion and excitement in the town now became intense, and was increased by the burning of the roof of Phillipse's store-house. The magistrates were now called together, and the general feeling being against the negroes, many were arrested and thrown into prison.

On the 11th of April the Common Council offered a reward of £100 and a full pardon to any conspirators for the discovery of the incendiaries, for it was now sufficiently manifest that there was some mischievous cause for this singular coincidence of accidents. Meantime many people removed with their goods and valuables from the City; and, amid the general consternation, it is not surprising that the negro population, thus brought under the ban of suspicion, and observant of the general consternation, should have conceived, in their simple habit of thought, that indeed a revolution was effected, and that the common property was open to their plunder, as the lawful spoils of victory; so that there is little question that great thefts occurred, and that several other incendiary attempts were made by them in this City, and in other parts of the country in this vicinity.

In this condition of things, a Grand Jury met on the 21st of April, 1741, who were especially charged to unravel the mystery, and search out the persons in the conspiracy. Several negroes were already in jail on suspicion; many, in the height of terror, proposed to make revelations accusing others under the hope of thus speedily procuring their own release, and there seemed a prospect of learning something of importance. The girl, Mary Burton, now remembered several circumstances which took place at her master's house, in conversation among the negroes and other frequenters, and gave her testimony that Cæsar, Prince and Cuffee used frequently to meet at Hughson's and talk about burning the fort, and then the whole town; that Cæsar should be Governor, and Hughson King; that a great many people had too much money and others too little, and that a fair distribution should be made; that they would fire the town in the night, and when the white people came to extinguish it they would kill and destroy them.

After this girl had given her testimony, the Grand Jury called in Peggy Cary. She, however, said that she knew nothing, "and if she should accuse anybody of any such thing, she must accuse innocent persons, and wrong her own soul." She was, however, soon after tried for receiving the stolen goods, and convicted. She thereupon asked to be examined again, and then said, that in the previous December, at another tavern, where she then resided, she saw meetings of negroes, and named Cuffee (Philipse's); Brash (Jay's); Dick, Cæsar (Pintard's); Patrick, (English's); Jack (Brestede's); Cato (Moore's); who, she says, swore to burn the fort, to steal, rob, and bring the plunder to the tavern keeper, whose name was Romme. This story, when the wretched woman was afterward brought to the gallows, she averred to be a fabrication, and it does not seem to have received credit among the people.

All the negroes named by Peggy were arrested, and denied their guilt, and being brought before Mary Burton, she acquitted them of being among those whom she had seen. They were, however, locked up, and in this state of jeopardy, the negroes began to accuse each other, each hoping thereby to save himself.

The first victims to the gallows were Cæsar and Prince, who were hanged on the 11th of May, upon a gibbet, erected on a small island in the Collect, or Fresh Water Pond, in the rear of the present Chambers street and Park. They died very stubbornly, without confessing anything about the conspiracy, but denying all knowledge of it.

A trial was then had of Hughson, his wife, and Peggy Cary, all white, on an indictment for conspiring to burn the town, etc. The principal witness against them was Mary Burton, who swears, in addition to the testimony she had before given, she saw a negro give Hughson twelve pounds, in Spanish money, to buy guns, which he did and hid them away in the garret of his house, but they could not be found or traced. The prisoners were convicted and hanged on the 12th of June.

Two negroes, Quack and Cuffee, were tried, a negro boy named Sawney appearing as evidence against them. He stated that Quack asked him to set the fort on fire, and Cuffee told him he would set fire to one house, Curacoa Dick to another, and so on until the whole town was burnt—that their object was to kill all the gentlemen and take their wives. A negro named Fortune also appeared as a witness, and stated that Quack, some time previously, took him to the fort, and told him that he intended to burn it, and after the fire, the last witness (Sawney) told him he was the one who set fire to the fort. Sawney was therefore called up again, and admits that he was frightened into a promise to burn the Slip Market, and that he was, among others, sworn to secrecy. Quack and Cuffee were convicted, and were sentenced to be burnt alive.

On the 3d of May, about 3 o'clock, they were brought to the stake, surrounded with piles of wood. The spectators were very numerous. They at first refused to make any confession, but upon being questioned by their masters, they said that Hughson was the contriver of the plot; that the confederate negroes had voted Quack to be the proper person to set fire to the fort, as his wife was a servant there, which he had accordingly done with a lighted stick.

On the 6th of June, seven other negroes, named Jack, Cook, Robin, Cæsar, Cuffee, Cuffee and Jamaica, were tried, found guilty, and executed the following day, except Jack, who promised further disclosures, and was pardoned. He implicated fourteen others.

On the 11th of June three negroes, named Francis, Albany and Curacoa Dick, were sentenced to be chained to a stake and burnt to death. On the 15th of June, Ben and Quack were condemned to be burnt, and three others hanged. Five of the Spanish negroes were also convicted.

A proclamation of pardon to all who would confess and discover was now made by the authorities, and many negroes availed themselves of the promised indemnity to unfold the details of the conspiracy.

But now, another white man was brought forward upon the charge of joining in the conspiracy. The person implicated was Ury, a Catholic priest, who had been engaged in school teaching in this City. An indictment was found against this person, in which he was charged with having counselled, procured, &c., a negro slave, Quack, to set fire to the King's house in the fort. Also, that, being a priest made by the authority of the pretended See of Rome, he did come into this province and City of New York, after a time limited by a law against Jesuits and Popish priests, and did there remain for the space of seven months, &c. Ury pleaded not guilty. Upon his trial, which took place in July, 1741, Sarah Hughson deposed that she had often seen him at her father's house; that she had seen him make a ring with chalk on the floor, and make all the negroes then present stand around it, and he used to stand in the middle of the ring, with a cross in his hand, and swear the negroes. It was proven by a confectioner that Ury had inquired of him for wafers. It was also proven that he could read English and Latin; and other evidence of a similar character was taken against him. The result was a conviction, and he was hanged on the 29th of August, 1741.

The execution of Ury was the last recorded of the long series of capital punishments inflicted upon the real and pretended participators in this conspiracy; and the 24th of September was set apart for a thanksgiving for the escape of the citizens from destruction.

During the progress of this affair, one hundred and fifty-four negroes were committed to prison, of whom *fourteen* were burned at the stake, *eighteen* hanged, *seventy-one* transported, and the rest pardoned or discharged for want of proof. *Twenty* white persons were committed, of whom *four* were executed.

The places of execution of these convicts were as follows: The gibbet of John Hughson and his companions was erected on the East River shore, about the present corner of Cherry and Catherine streets; where, according to the popular belief of that day, their "spooks" or spirits were sometimes seen by travellers in the night. The stakes at which the negroes were burnt were set up in a hollow, affording a full view from the surrounding hills, in the vicinity of the present Five Points. The common gallows of that time, where most of the negroes were hanged, was on a small island in the Fresh Water Pond, in the present vicinity of the corner of Centre and Pearl streets.—*Valentine's History of the City of New York, just published.*

JUDGE GRIER AND MR. GILDERSLEVE.—The miserable, tyranical judicial pigmy, Judge Grier, evidently mistook his man when he insulted Mr. Gildersleve, from the bench, for having the Judge's slave-catchers arrested, some time ago. Mr. Gildersleve wrote him a most able and dignified but a most withering letter. He shows the Judge to be a bad lawyer, as well as a silly and ill-bred judicial rowdy.

He also published an affidavit of Mr. Butler of Wilkesbarre, made before justice Burrow, of that place, whom Judge Grier had denounced as a "two penny magistrate." Mr. Butler deposes that he saw Grier at Washington, two years ago, and he (Grier) said he would hang Gildersleve if he could ever get hold of him. This is followed by a certificate, attesting the high character of Mr. Burrows, as a man, a justice and a citizen, signed by seven names, among which is that of the Presbyterian Minister of that place, one M. C. and one Ex-M. C. The whole proceedings brand the Judge as an imbecile, malignant and mean-spirited tyrant. Nothing is better calculated to illustrate the horrors of Slavery than the execution of its cruel and bloody law by such inhuman judicial wretches.—*Norristown (Pa.) Ohio Branch.*

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK CITY.

ANOTHER species of maritime adventure, then engaged in by several of our most respectable merchants and capitalists, was the Slave Trade. Slaves had been held in this City from the earliest period of the Dutch settlement; and it is said that the first importation of negroes in America was by a Dutch vessel which brought them from the African coast and sold them in Virginia. This trade was facilitated by the Dutch possessions on the coast of Guinea, where they were easily procured from the African kings for a small consideration. This trade, in the time of the Dutch, appears to have been carried on by transient traders, and to have constituted no part of the business of resident inhabitants of this City. The visits of slave ships, however, in search of a market, were of frequent occurrence from an early period, and many of the inhabitants were in this manner provided with domestic servants and farm labourers. The Guinea negroes when first imported were of less value than those born in this country, from the risks attending acclimation and the necessity of tutoring them in the language and customs of the country. And not unfrequently their first change from the confined quarters of a slave-ship to the novel scenes of their new homes, were of a fatal effect upon their health. In 1655, the cargo of the "White Horse" was sold in this City, and the stock of negroes being sold at auction, several were found to have been infected with some fatal disorder. The first instance observed of this character was that of a girl bought by Nicholas Boot. While being led home along the road, on the shore of the East River, she fell, opposite Litschoe's tavern, crying "Ariba;" she was taken up, and proceeding a few paces further again fell, her eyes being fixed in her head. Her owner coming up, asked what was the matter? Upon which she cried "moa, moa;" some of the by-standers said "she is drunk, it will soon pass away; she is sound at heart." At the City gate she was put in a wagon and taken to her master's house, but died in the evening.

In after years, as has been stated, the slave traffic became a prominent branch of the shipping trade out of this port. The journal of a young man (afterward mayor of this City), sent out as supercargo and agent of merchants in this City, is interesting from its detail of the manner of conducting this traffic, as well as the mishaps to this particular adventure.

The Slave Trade, being a legitimate pursuit, and followed as a regular branch of foreign trade for many years, both previous and subsequent to the period now referred to, was exceedingly profitable, though somewhat hazardous, owing to piratical adventurers who followed them into their remote trading places, and often robbed them of their stores and money used in the purchase of the negroes. The practice became so great a pest to the mercantile interests, that efforts were made by influential merchants of New York to induce the English ministry to assist them in fitting out a cruising vessel, properly armed, to act against the pirates. Col. Robert Livingston, of New York, an active and influential citizen, brought this matter before the English Government; and introduced Captain William Kidd, of New York, as an efficient and well known commander, whose fitness for such service was well understood in New York. He was a man of family, and had resided in this City for several years. It was proposed to engage in this enterprise on the footing of a private adventure, although it was also desirable, for some purposes, that the scheme should receive the official countenance of the Government. The King, Lord Somers, the Earl of Romney, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bellamont, joined in making up the necessary expense of a proper vessel; Col. Livingston also contributing a proportion. The profits were to be divided among the owners of the ship, allowing a liberal share to Kidd. A commission was issued, December 11, 1695, under the great seal of England, directed "to the trusty and well-beloved Captain William Kidd, commander of the ship Adventure Galley." He set sail from Plymouth in April, 1696, and arrived on the American coast, where he continued for some time, occasionally entering the harbour of New York, and visiting his family in the City. He was considered useful in protecting our commerce, for which he received much applause, and the Assembly of the Province voted him the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds as a complimentary return for his services.—*Valentine's History of New York City.*

A WORLD'S WONDER.

"CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT.—The Natchez *Mirror*, in noticing the fact that Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars out of Uncle Tom's Cabin, says: 'Mr. Fletcher has written the ablest, most learned, and critical defence of Slavery which has ever appeared in print, and it will bring the publisher in debt; while the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which has just arrived, is going off rapidly.'"—*Sandusky Mirror.*

We do not doubt that this thick, sluggish, imperial octavo volume is the "ablest, most learned, and critical defence" of Slavery ever written. No man will attempt to read it without thinking it the stupidest, too. We would go a great way to see a man that had achieved such a labour. Is there a living man, North or South, who would dare to say that he had read the thing through? Men of a slender constitution would sink and die before they reached the middle. And the strongest and toughest fibre could not be made to endure the labour of the whole of it. How then *did* the author survive? Oh! it makes us shudder to think of it. Just let a man read the table of contents, that is enough. If a prudent man, he would make his will before venturing farther. A walk through fifty miles of jungle; a wading through twenty leagues of nasty lagoons, of the Lower Mississippi, would be a recreation and a pleasure compared with one reading of this monstrous abortion of dullness.

Here is a man that goes to the Ark, and back of that, and rummages the archives of creation, grubbing remorselessly in every nook and corner where tyranny or falsehood had dropped a precedent, to find stuff for his book. The islands of the Pacific, on which sea-birds have reared up cliffs of guano, are nothing to this feat of deposition.

We must not, however, slander the sea-birds by leaving it to be supposed that their huge work is on a par with this. Guano is precious. All the land that slave-tillage has skinned and exhausted, is looking for the advent of guano to give it back its tilth. But this monstrous deposit may be carted all over the exhausted and arid soils of pro-slaveryism without restoring to it one element of humanity or one particle of honesty. It is good for nothing but to be cast under foot of men.

But the problem stands yet unsolved, how did there ever come to be a man who could conceive and achieve such a work as this? Hercules cleaned the Augean stables; but he built no pyramid of their contents; he never mourned that it brought him neither praise nor profit! That was reserved for Mr. Fletcher. When a flock of geese can sail not only up the current of the Mississippi from its mouth to its source, but draw its whole current along up after them; when enterprising eels can wriggle right up the sheet of Niagara Falls, then may an author expect to navigate a treatise justifying human bondage up the current of American common sense. As for ourselves, we had as soon make our bread out of the dust in Pharaoh's coffin, and carve our steaks out of the thigh of some old mummy that was once his chief slave driver, as to attempt to draw nutriment from this modern catacomb of dead abominations. But it will not always be without value. By and by, it will be a rare grab for antiquarians. In 1958, men will dispute and tussel at auctions for a copy of this book, like jackals over a broken-down camel in the desert of Arabia. But the publishers need not wait till then. If they are ingenious and thrifty they may sell it to those curiosity lovers who hunt up grotesque statues for their grounds, who carve bears and foxes with lines of ugliness transcending nature, and feel themselves rich if they can import an exhumed Momus, or ridiculous Bacchus, or some nondescript cross between an ape and a mythologic satyr. Let this book be set in the garden on a pedestal, and neither ape, monkey, Momus, Bacchus, or Pan, can for a moment be compared with it. Nor need one fear that exposure to our inclement skies will damage its value. All the rains of a deluge would fail to make any impression upon a book so dry as this.

There! the publishers have our book-notice, and if it will sell their book they are welcome to do by it as Udolpho Wolfe, or his agents, did by our article on his Schiedam Schnapps—garble it, make it lie, and then use it for an advertisement.—*H. W. B. in the Independent.*

JOHN VAN BUREN AT WASHINGTON.

MADAME RUMOUR tells funny stories sometimes. She gives the following account of an interview between Prince John Van Buren, on his recent visit to this city, and Col. Beverly Tucker, the *Sentinel* of the Hards. The scene was at the National Hotel, where the Prince stopped, and where the gallant Colonel met him, and thus accosted him:

T.—Why, John, how are you? What the devil brought you here? Have the Hards driven you out of Gotham, or has Guthrie called you down here to give an account of yourself?

P. J.—God bless you, Bev., how do you do? As for the election, I know nothing about it; Guthrie is all right; I go in for the resolutions of '98; hold that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and my business here is to buy a nigger!

T.—Buy a nigger! Good Gracious, Prince, how you surprise me!

P. J.—Yes, buy a nigger! I consider a nigger the great panacea, the ornament of the Christian, the emblem of the faith and fidelity in the politician, and altogether, something *very* important to mankind generally. Just see how Bronson has been puffed into a star of the first magnitude by galvanising a short lecture to Guthrie upon niggers—they have nearly made a great man out of Dickinson—more than half humanized Charley O'Conor, and even raised poor Cooley to the precincts of notoriety. Since miracles have ceased no such wonders have been performed by niggers. Nothing in Edmonds about spirit rappings begins to come up to it. I tell you, Bev., I *must* have a nigger—my fame requires it, and my personal wants demand it!

T.—Nonsense, John; but do you really want a nigger?—because, if you do, you must have one.

P. J.—Why, certainly I do. Everybody seems to doubt everything I say about niggers I tell you Bev. I have changed my mind upon that subject, and though I did not think so once, I now regard "the Wilmot" with the same abhorrence I do the Maine Law. It's sumptuary, merely—a check upon pleasure—upon personal comfort—upon all the arts and all the sciences—upon greatness—upon chivalry—and, finally a check upon niggers, and therefore, wrong. Any man that can't see this hasn't got a nigger in his eye, and any man that hasn't got a nigger in his eye in these days, is no man at all.

T.—Why, John, you talk like a Saint! Give us your views in the *Sentinel*, and then you will be considered orthodox. They are as sound as a nut. I *thought* you would come right at last.

P. J.—Sound! Why I am as sound on niggers as the stump candidate for selectman was on the goose question. The only trouble is to make the world believe it. I want to "crush out" unbelief and the *Sentinel* isn't strong enough for that. I must have a nigger—a real *hard* nigger—an ordained Adamantine—such an one as Dickinson would delight to chase, and as would make a fit companion for Cooley. I tell *you*, Bev.. that I must get ahead of the whole batch, and

"Niggers! niggers! niggers are the cards
Wherewith to catch the conscience of the Hards!"

I suppose we agree on the Maine Law?

T.—Ah! John, therein we *do* harmonize perfectly, and * * * * *

The colloquists then retired into a corner—it is shrewdly suspected to converse about the printing of Congress.—*Washington (D. C.) Star.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THIS well-known Anti-Slavery Lecturer was advertised to speak in this place on Friday last. He arrived here on Thursday, but owing to a severe hoarseness from a cold, with much irritation of the lungs, it was thought best not to fill the appointment. This will explain to those who came here on Friday why they did not hear him.

This was the first time we had met with Mr. Garrison; and a curiosity we had long indulged was much gratified—particularly as a private conversation gave us an opportunity of understanding him on some questions where he differs with the great mass of those engaged with him in the philanthropic enterprizes of the day.

Mr. G. refuses to vote, because he thinks the U. S. Constitution sustains Slavery, yet he ardently desires the political regeneration of this nation.—We think his ardour carries him beyond the practical point, in this matter; yet no one who sees his earnestness can rebuke him. His love of liberty seems to make him reject all that is not *perfectly* free.

He has been charged with infidelity; and his views of the Bible and Christianity are far from what *we* hold; yet we have rarely met with a man in whom the religious sentiment appeared stronger than in him. No one can hear him speak of those things we call religious and call him infidel, if the term infidel is to mean a rejection of the *principles* of Christianity. He seems to look at religious truth in its grand complex, and neglect the intermediate details called doctrines. He speaks of GOD as the Universal Father, and looks from Him to all men as His children, the weakest and least especially so. He seems to regard the Divine as living goodness and truth, and our relation to the Divine, called Religion, as consisting wholly of the love of those principles in the abstract, and practically exercising them in our love for mankind as our brethren. He said he gloried in the cross of Christ; because that was borne in defending the weak, the helpless, and the suffering, and rebuking the powerful and the wrong, with a trust in truth and righteousness as to the result. His mind appears to glance at those Divine principles that the *whole* world calls Religion, and thence to their application in redeeming and elevating mankind, while he is impatient of the restraint that doctrinals, creeds and systems interpose between love, proceeding from its Divine fountain, and its triumph over the evils that prevent us from being loving, just and true. All authority that excuses wrong, or justifies oppression or injustice, he utterly rejects, and that kind of Christianity that will excuse great wrongs because popular, he absolutely despises. His hostility to the Church is to its errors and its evils—not the truth it holds or the good it does.

It is thus Mr. G. appears to us—not as infidel, not as irreligious—but as living in the strongest faith, in what is good, and impatiently rushing from the abstract to the practical, while he rejects wh

pline could exert; yet they have divided the party very evenly with their Soft competitors. There can be no reasonable doubt that, had the circumstances been exactly reversed, the Hards in Tammany Hall, with their ticket pronounced 'regular,' and the President, Cabinet, Organ and all manner of outside pressure on their side, the Soft vote would have been hardly worth counting. Every office-holder, State or National, Custom-house or Canal, who dared to talk Hard, drew the halter uncomfortably tight about his neck by so doing; heads of this class rolled as recklessly as pumpkins from a harvest-wagon: and the immense army of office-seekers were maddened with the spectacle of a new Collector in our Custom-House, with lots of fat places to give to whoever should render most service to the Soft cause. To bear up against all these discouragements was a great feat, and proves that the bone and sinew of the Democracy is Adamantine. The vote polled for Clinton & Co. astonishes even those who cast it. The current has set irresistibly in their favour ever since the votes were counted off; and there are many fewer Softs in the State to-day than there were ten days ago. Proscription, too, has spent its force and lost its terror; we doubt whether one more Hard will be removed from a Federal office. It will not answer to deal with the Hards as disorganizers—they are too stern-willed and powerful. Said the amazed Louis XVI. to his Minister, on the memorable 10th of August. "Why this is a revolt." No, Sire," responded the Minister, "it is a Revolution."

—The Silvers, then, are to go to the Hards whither several of their journals have already led the way. We trust they will, if only for the credit of the party they have left, reform some of their habits and abandon the tactics which have rendered it desirable that they should seek a new location. Let them borrow at least one leaf from the books of their new associates, and, when resolved to bolt, do it openly, frankly, manfully. Let them throw away their stilettoes, and, when they go into a Convention and make a ticket, either support it or say they won't, and proclaim their reasons. Being all officers and no privates, they must not expect an office for each of their aspiring notabilities and consider themselves proscribed if they miss it. Since any change in their spirit and customs must be an improvement, we are heartily glad they are taking their departure, and we shall be glad to hear that they do not cost their new allies more than they are worth.—*Tribune.*

THE NEGROES AND JOHN VAN BUREN.

Believing in the natural equality of Mankind, as set forth in that immortal Preamble to the Declaration of Independence—an equality not of gifts, nor of powers, but of natural, inalienable Rights—we have never missed an opportunity to protest against the flagrant wrong which denies to poor black men, *because* they are poor and black, the Elective Franchise. When our Constitutional Convention was about to be elected, and during its deliberations, we did our best to secure the abrogation of the disgraceful proscription of the Coloured Race embodied in our old Constitution; we renewed our exertions when the Suffrage Question was submitted to the People; and, when the day of Election came, we stood at the poll from morning till sundown, persuading every one who would hear us to vote for Equal and Universal Suffrage.

We did this on principle, and with no reference to the merits or demerits, capacity or incapacity, of the African Race. If we had deemed them as ignorant and depraved as their enemies declared them, we should still have insisted on the Law's treating them just as it does white men of like character. If Negro vice, ignorance and idleness be held sufficient reasons for depriving poor Negroes of the Right of Suffrage, then let the same sauce be served out to ignorant White loafers and vagabonds. But "Democracy," of the Tammany stamp, rallied all its forces against us, and voted down Equal and Universal Suffrage. Many Whigs voted the same way; but at the poll where we distributed ballots, we believe not one Tammany Democrat voted for Equal Rights to all Men.

Mr. John Van Buren, in his last Speech in Tammany, gave the following unintended but cogent attestation to the sagacity of the Coloured Race, and their capacity to exercise with discernment the inestimable Franchise:

"Now, it is a curious fact that, notwithstanding all the talk in regard to abolition and to black men, the black men have steadily voted the federal ticket, all the way through.

"I recollect very well that, when I was living in Albany, at a time when some connections of mine were candidates for office—which, thank God, has already ceased to be the case—[laughter]—we had an old black coachman by the name of Hyer—William Hyer. Indeed, he had arrived at such a dignity among the negroes that they called him Mr. Hyer. [Laughter.]—When I was attending the polls, offering the Democratic ticket, this Mr. Hyer would come up, though he had lived with us for ten years, and vote against my father—vote against my brother-in-law—vote the Federal State ticket; and I got tired of seeing him, with all his new clothes and his new umbrella, walking up to the polls and voting the Federal ticket, so followed him to the stable one day, and I said: 'Hyer, I notice that you always vote the Federal ticket?' Said he: 'Yes, Sir—ain't that right?' [Laughter.] Said I: 'No—if I thought it was right, I would do it myself.' Said he: 'I suppose I have a right to vote as I please.' Said I: 'Yes; but there is a ticket particularly addressed to people of your colour. Would you not like to vote for that?—it is the abolition ticket?'—I had no hope of getting him to vote for the Democratic ticket. Said I: 'That ticket is peculiarly favourable to you.' Said he: 'No!—'aint that the ticket for letting the negroes vote? Said I: 'Yes,' 'Oh! no—Oh! no!' [Laughter and applause.] I never could get him to split his ticket even. He voted the regular Federal ticket all the way through."

—We have thus given the Prince the benefit of his statement in full, including the frequently interpolated "laughter and applause," which he may have written in as a direction to his *clappers* when concocting his speech and forgotten to erase in the hurry of preparing it for the press. Yes, it is perfectly true, though appearing in one of John Van Buren's speeches, that the Coloured Americans, however untaught and simple, have always understood the wide difference between genuine and bogus Democracy—between Democracy in earnest and the counterfeit wherewith such politicians as the Prince fish for and often obtain power. They may not know how to read books, but they *do* read characters and professions; and they have had abundant and cogent proof that the Democracy whereof John is an oracle is a snare and a swindle—that there is no heart in it, and no good comes of it. The Negroes have too long been the victims of Democratic tyranny and outrage not to know that Van Buren Democracy is all sham—that it means "Equalize down to our level and trample on all below us."

Mr. Hyer was perfectly right, in not taking the advice of a Van Buren in politics, even when its object was to get him to vote the Abolition ticket. He knew there was more cat than meal in that advice, and he treated it accordingly. Knowing the family better than we did, he did not come so near as we did to being taken in by their Anti-Slavery professions in 1848. Mr. Hyer had evidently cut his eye teeth, and was not to be deluded by Artful Dodgers. And he, as the Prince intimates, is a pretty fair sample of the Negro Race. After such an evidence of their shrewdness, who can resist their claim to be placed on an equality with other men in regard to the Right of Suffrage?—*Tribune.*

It was the fate of Bruce, the African traveller, when his marvellous book first told his countrymen of the way in which they managed things in Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, to find his statements everywhere received with incredulity. People could never credit the record he gave of the horrid cruelties he said he had seen, and, falling into the popular error of making their own experience the measure of probability, they set him down as a regular *Munchausen*. We believe that all persons have changed their opinion about Bruce, as subsequent travellers of unquestionable veracity have confirmed all his statements, the most apparently extravagant not excepted.

Mrs. Stowe, by virtue of her *Uncle Tom*, appears for some time to have been destined to endure the same Cassandra-like reception as Bruce himself. There were no people as good as *Uncle Tom*; and if there were, then nobody could be found as bad as *Legree*. This lady, however, it appears, will not have to wait as long as her predecessor, to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that her representations are recognised as faithful pictures of the reality.—Scarcely a mail now comes from the United States without conveying to us some fresh evidence that Mrs. Stowe has spoken truth, and that she might have gone further, and been within the limits of the truth still. The *Times*, which was the first to write against her book, and charge her with wilful exaggeration, is now getting into the way of giving proofs that its own statements were false, and those of Mrs. Stowe perfectly true.

We do not want to get additional evidence that there are such monsters in the human form as the American lady has described. We had rather know that they are now so few and far between—that they were becoming as rare as the red Indians, who have died away before the progress of Anglo-American civilization. As, however, this is not yet the case, and never will be the case as long as the Slavery system lasts, it is only right that those abominable creatures should be brought under public notice in this country, and that there should be the clearest expression given to the feelings which are produced here by the contemplation of their odious conduct.

The following extracts from a letter were written by "An Eye Witness," in answer to an inquiry made of him as to the accuracy of the statements made by Mrs. Stowe respecting the state of things in the South:

"Dear Sir—Such things as you speak of are too little thought of here to find their way into the papers, except incidentally. However, I can tell things that I have seen and heard.

"On the 23d April, 1852, a few days after my arrival in this State, it was my peculiar privilege to be riding in the stage with five or six ministers of the Gospel, who were on their way to attend a Baptist Convention. Their conversation turned on runaway negroes, and, among the rest, of one known to one of the ministers, that eluded pursuit for some six months, but was finally tracked by dogs and run into the middle of a pond of water, when he turned and fought off the dogs. The men coming up, one of them shot him with a rifle, the ball passing through his head just back of his eyes, extinguishing his sight, but not his life. The preachers seemed to think that the shooter had done a good deed.

"June 7, 1852. I was on Red River, opposite Alexandria, in Louisiana. I saw a negro at the Alexandria shore, in the water up to his neck, and a whole crowd of persons on the bank in chase, who succeeded in getting him out. Our boat afterwards landed there, when I learned that he had been shut up in jail for safe keeping, and had broken out, when a man shot him with a double-barrelled pistol in the neck, both balls taking effect. The man who shot him showed me the pistol, and told me the whole circumstance. It was thought the negro would die. I afterwards saw in the newspapers that he had made another attempt to escape, and succeeded.

"October 15, 1852, at Fayette, in Missouri, a man who had been a long time overseer in the South told me that he never permitted the under overseers (these are employed on large plantations, and are negroes) to have wire crackers on their whips, but in spite of his vigilance they would have them."

As facts are now coming forward in such numbers, perhaps it will cease to be the fashion to condemn as false such statements as these, and instead to say something by way of excuse, or extenuation, or adopt the practice of certain religious professors and teachers of Christianity in New York and elsewhere, who protest that they are opposed to Slavery in the abstract, and further, that they sigh, and long, and patiently wait for the time when these poor creatures shall find their fetters gradually melt away.

What will the apologists for the slaveholding professors of religion on the other side of the Atlantic say of such a vile set as that coach full of Baptist ministers who, when they heard of a fellow-man being hurled down by the dogs and then shot dead, "seemed to think that the shooter had done a good deed." We cannot look at such a statement without feeling urged to call on the ministers of religion in this country to direct their attention to it, and employ all the influence they possess to bring such men to see how thoroughly they are known and despised on this side the Atlantic.

We are at a loss to understand how men like Dr. Gardiner Spring, Dr. Cox, and the Rev. Mr. Kirk, can live in a country in which these things are done and refrain from lifting up their voice like a trumpet against the men by whom these abominations are sanctioned. We hope that there will be a full stop put to the practice of honouring any of this class, who, by more than silence, consent to these iniquities, and that they will not again be allowed to stand in the pulpit of a friend of freedom, and before a free people, to be heard as only honest men should be heard. If ministers will insist in dishonouring themselves and insulting the good sense of their people, by allowing such persons to enter their pulpits, we hope the people will do justice to themselves, as they can, by getting up and walking out *en masse*, leaving the abettors of Slavery to consult together as to the expediency of doing right and protesting against all wrong, and especially against that monster wrong, which is "the sum of all villanies."—(*London*) *Morning Advertiser.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

THE LIBERTY PARTY.

In publishing, recently, the Address of the New York Liberty Party State Convention, we took occasion say, that that party agreed most heartily with the American Anti-Slavery Society in every thing except its interpretation of the U. S. Constitution; that the difference between the two in this respect was more theoretical than practical, and could not reasonably be made a bar to union in moral means for the overthrow of Slavery, since in their aims and purposes they are essentially one, and since both were agreed in repudiating as spurious and loathsome the popular Christianity of this country, and in claiming Jesus Christ as the Prince of Emancipators, and his religion as the friend and solace of the poor and the oppressed, of whatever caste or colour. And we added, in the spirit of fraternity, "Let us work together where we can, and differ from each other in kindness where we must."

One might naturally suppose that remarks like these, whatever others might say of them, would at least be hailed with pleasure by an Anti-Slavery journal, whose chief object it is to promote *union* among Christians of every name and denomination. Certainly we were not a little surprised to find our words made the text of such a commentary as that which we copy below from the *Progressive Christian*, published at Cazenovia, by A. Pryne. We append thereto some remarks in the form of notes, to remove, if possible, the misapprehensions under which the Editor seems to be laboring, and in the hope that we may yet have his aid in securing a thorough co-operation between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Liberty Party, in moral efforts for the overthrow of Slavery.

From the Progressive Christian.

It is all news to us, that the Liberty Party "agrees most heartily, with the N. A. S. Society in every thing else" except the character of the Constitution. We should not feel greatly flattered as a Liberty Party man to find this statement true. The Liberty Party is a political association which the N. A. S. Society has denounced in unmeasured terms, for thirteen years. (1) The agents of the Society have denied the genuineness of the Liberty Party's abolitionism both in Europe and America, again, and again. (2) George Thompson, after partaking of Liberty Party hospitality, and being paid by Liberty Party money, collected by Mrs. Foster under this same plea of Union, which then meant, "help support our Agents," went home to England and there told the people, in substance, that the N. A. S. Society was the only Anti-Slavery organization in America. (3) Thus denying the very friends who gave him money and support, and leaving the people of England to infer that no such party existed, or if it did exist in name, was made up by mere hypocritical pretenders. J. Miller McKim left the same impression on a Glasgow audience, but a few weeks ago, and the chairman of the meeting, Prof. Nichol, congratulated the audience upon the clearness with which Mr. McKim had made it appear, that the N. A. S. Society was the only organization in America deserving the name Anti-Slavery. (4) An editorial in the last *Standard*, speaking of Mr. McKim's labours, abroad uses the following language:

"In various quarters he has done much to counteract the malign influences which, since 1840, have been operating against the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends, and to strengthen the chords of attachment between the faithful Abolitionists of Great Britain and their brethren of the United States."

Now what are these malign influences which Mr. McKim has done so much to "counteract," but the formation of this same Liberty Party, which took place in 1840; is it necessary to send an agent to England to counteract the malign influence of the same party with which the *Standard* is in such loving fellowship in America? Are Liberty Party men expected to furnish the Society with money, to pay an agent for destroying it character abroad, as one of the terms of the proposed union? (5)

The Presidential candidate of the Liberty Party was a gentleman who was quite active in setting in motion, and keeping alive, those so called malign influences which Mr. McKim labored so zealously to destroy. It is but recently that the Society dismissed one of its agents for circulating this gentleman's writings. Is it to be another article in the proposed bond of union, that the Society shall do its best to suppress the writings of Liberty Party men? (6) These and other similar past recollections make us rather distrustful of this sudden friendship. There may be nothing but meal in the heap but, we confess a little suspicion.

The agreement between the Society or its leading members and the Liberty Party on the subject of religion, is not quite so close as might be inferred from the above. It is true the Liberty Party abhors a Pro-Slavery religion, but it loves Christ's religion, and plants its feet upon the Bible as its authoritative embodiment. While the leading members of the Society deny the divinity of Christ, the Liberty Party worships him as very God. While they disregard the institutions of the Church, which Christ founded, scoff at its ordinances, and trample upon its Sabbaths, the Liberty Party loves and cherishes both the church and its ordinances. While the leading spirits of the Society regard the *Liberator* and its editor as inspired as really as was Christ and the Bible, and come far nearer obeying the one, and worshipping the other, than they do to obeying the Bible and worshipping the Saviour, there will ever be a wide difference in religion between the Liberty Party and the Society. (7)

Nor are the political views of the two associations so near akin. The Society eschews politics, and its agents have made thousands of speeches against voting. (8) We heard Mr. Thompson, while himself holding a seat in the British Parliament, under a system of vote-buying beyond all compare worse than anything of the kind in America, denounce voting as necessarily vile, and ruinous to a good cause. (9) The Liberty Party holds voting to be a solemn duty, from which no man ought to shrink, and looks to the right use of the ballot box power as the means of abolishing Slavery.

The great aim of the Society—the dissolution of the Union—the Liberty Party would regard as the Slave's greatest calamity. It aims to hold the Slaveholders in the Union until it has freed their victims, and punished their crimes.

Most Liberty Party men believe in rescuing fugitives after the Jerry pattern, by storming the jails and breaking the arms of Marshals when they are found in the way, while the agents of the Society preach non-resistance, and quietly sing farewell hymns to captured fugitives in Boston Harbour. The old Society and Liberty Party are by no means together, and may just as well say so as to stand manœuvering to swallow each other.

The Standard's Reply to the Above.

1. We are not a little surprised at this statement. The Liberty Party which existed thirteen years ago, according to our reading of history, united almost unanimously with the great party formed at Buffalo in 1848, and which nominated Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. Mr. Hale, who had been previously nominated by the Liberty Party, withdrew his name, and the leaders as well as the rank and file of the party rushed almost *en masse* upon the Buffalo platform. Gerrit Smith and a very small minority of the old party refused to follow the leaders, and organized a new party under the old name, though upon an entirely different basis in respect to the U. S. Constitution, and also, if we are not greatly mistaken, in respect to the ecclesiastical support of Slavery. The party which went off in the Buffalo stampede was often rebuked by the American Anti-Slavery Society for its sins of omission and commission, but that which nominated Mr. Smith for the Presidency, and to which our remarks, quoted by the *Progressive Christian*, had reference, has never been denounced by that Society.

2. A great mistake. They have never denied the genuineness of the Abolitionism of the Liberty Party which Gerrit Smith has represented since 1848. They have denied the soundness of its views of the Constitution, and they may have denounced individual members of the party as unsound on other points, though we remember no instance of the kind.

3. Here, again, our cotemporary is entirely mistaken. Mr. Thompson did indeed commend the American Anti-Slavery Society as the only National *Society* that stood practically upon an uncompromising basis, and that deserved the co-operation of British Abolitionists; but in saying this, he did not allude to any political party whatever. His remarks about the Liberty Party in the same speech had reference solely to the party which united with the Barnburners of 1848. This explanation was long since made *by authority*, and we are sorry as well as surprised to see Mr. Thompson treated so unjustly.

4. No allusion was made by either of the speakers to any political association. They spoke of *Societies* organized for the purpose of promoting the Anti-Slavery cause as a moral enterprise; and Mr. McKim felt, we presume, as we do, that on this ground Mr. Smith and his Liberty Party friends are virtually with the American Society.

5. We have already shown that whatever "malign influences" have been exerted against the Anti-Slavery Society by the Liberty Party of 1840, the members of that Society do not hold the present existing Liberty Party responsible for them. Mr. McKim, while abroad said not a word against the character of the latter; and, as to his pay, we are happy to relieve the anxiety of our Cazenovia friend by informing him that the work he did was literally a labour of love, for which no Anti-Slavery treasury has been or ever will be taxed.

6. We certainly think the Liberty Party committed a blunder in nominating Wm. Goodell for President; but we shall not, on that account, refuse our hearty co-operation with its members in the moral warfare against Slavery. No one on our side has done anything to "*suppress*" Mr. Goodell's writings. The use of that word in this connection is so much like the tactics of the "Presidential candidate" alluded to as almost to create the suspicion that the article to which we are replying is his own work! The Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society did indeed forbid an agent of theirs to sell Mr. Goodell's History under circumstances which, if they had permitted him to sell it, would have made them a party to what they deemed a serious calumny upon themselves. But that is a very different thing from an attempt to "*suppress*" the book. The same Board would not, probably, permit its agents to spend their time in procuring subscribers for the N. Y. *Observer* or the *Missionary Herald*, but it would hardly attempt to "suppress" those journals. The Massachusetts Board, deeming Mr. Goodell's history unfair toward themselves, did not wish to become responsible therefor through its agents. The agent alluded to, however, was not dismissed; he resigned; and the Board, having relieved itself of responsibility, is probably quite indifferent as to how many or how few copies of the work in question he may sell.

7. As the union which we proposed was simply an *Anti-Slavery* union, predicated solely upon identity of opinion as to the character of Slavery and the bearings of Christianity upon it, and having no reference whatever to theological dogmas, whether orthodox or heterodox, we don't see that the distinction attempted to be drawn between the theology of the one party and that of the other, even supposing it were perfectly true, has any relevancy to the question. But, with proper deference to our Cazenovia friend, we must say that that distinction is *not* true. When did the Liberty Party ever endorse the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, or avow its belief that Christ is "very God," or set forth any theory of Church organization, or of the Sabbath, or of religious "ordinances?" If it has ever done so, the *Progressive Christian* can tell when and where. Mind, we don't ask what are the views of individual members of the party, but only what the party itself, as such, has done in respect to such questions. We had supposed that the Liberty Party was a political organization, whose exclusive aim it was to establish what it calls "righteous civil government," not to set forth a "body of divinity." We had supposed that, with other political parties, it sought the alliance of men without reference to their views of dogmatic theology; and we *know* that it has among its members some persons whose creeds are of a very different pattern from that of our friend in Cazenovia.

Our neighbour blunders no less palpably in attempting to define the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends. The assertion that the "leading members" of the Society "deny the divinity of Christ," "disregard the institutions of the Church which *Christ* founded, scoff at its ordinances," &c., is only a repetition of the slang of the New York *Herald*, N. Y. *Observer*, and other kindred papers. The simple truth is, that the "leading members" of that Society are not agreed on theological and kindred questions, some holding what are termed orthodox, and others what are recognised as heterodox views; but they are united in repudiating as loathsome and spurious the popular Christianity of this country, and in claiming Jesus Christ as the Prince of Emancipators, and his religion as the friend and solace of the oppressed. Thus united, they have no disposition to meddle with each other's creeds, still less to use the Anti-Slavery platform for the promulgation of theological dogmas. Their faith in the religion of Christ they attest by their works.

8. Wrong again, neighbour. The speeches were not against voting *per se*, but only against voting under a pro-slavery Constitution, and selecting men to office who must needs swear to support it. Liberty Party men have often confessed to us that they would be compelled to take our ground, if, like us, they believed the Constitution to be pro-slavery.

9. Our friend must have listened to Mr. Thompson with his elbows rather than with his ears. It was not against voting, in itself considered, that that gentleman declaimed, but against voting under a pro-slavery Constitution. The issue between Mr. Thompson and the Liberty Party would merely be one of *fact* as to whether the Constitution is pro-Slavery, and not of principle at all. In a conflict with the Free Soil party the issue would be entirely changed. If the friends of the American Society agreed with the Liberty Party in its construction of the Constitution, there are, probably, not fifty of its members that would not be voters; and on the other hand, if the Liberty Party agreed with the American Society on that point, it is not likely that one in a hundred of the members of the former would go to the polls.

—We have said thus much because, having found the Editor of the *Progressive Christian* so entirely befogged, we supposed there might be some others in the same predicament, to whom our explanations would be welcome. We do not seek an unnatural alliance between parties of opposite principles and methods, but we *do* desire to see a union between all those who, however much they may differ on political and theological points, are yet agreed in waging a perpetual MORAL WAR against the great crime of American Slavery. We are glad to know that the same desire is felt by better and more eminent men, and by some who are better entitled than our Cazenovia friend to speak in behalf of the Liberty Party. GERRIT SMITH, in a letter received by us since the appearance of the *Progressive Christian's* remarks, says:

"I am glad to see in the *Standard* the Address of the Convention of the Liberty Party. I am very desirous that this Party and the American A. S. Society should see that they are *essentially* one."

☞ The *Religious Telescope*, the organ of the sect known as the "United Brethren in Christ," acknowledges the receipt of a publication entitled "A Lecture on the Rise, Progress, and Present Infidel Position of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, by W. W. Simpkins, Conotton, Ohio." The *Telescope* says:

Br. Simpkins has dealt plainly and honestly with this class of Abolitionists in this lecture. He has a right to speak on this subject, too, as no one can justly accuse *him* of opposing infidelity under the garb of Anti-Slavery, *because* of a pro-slavery feeling in his own heart. There are some who denounce William Lloyd Garrison not so much because they hate *infidel* principles as because they abhor all sound *Anti-Slavery* principles.

However "honestly" Mr. Simpkins may have dealt with the class of persons alluded to, the title of his disquisition conveys a falsehood. Admitting, for the sake of the argument (we certainly shall not make the admission in any other sense), that the views of religion held by a *portion* of those who are called Garrisonian Abolitionists are justly denominated *infidel*, it is a great piece of injustice to speak of such views as characteristic of the whole class. Mr. Garrison's theological opinions, whether infidel or not, have nothing whatever to do with the Anti-Slavery Movement. He never obtrudes them upon Anti-Slavery meetings, and the Societies in which he is a leader are made up indiscriminately of persons who hold every variety of religious opinion, Calvinists, Arminians, Baptists, Unitarians, &c. There are not less than two Calvinists in the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. To talk of the heresies of Mr. Garrison as if they were characteristic of those who agree with him in his *Anti-Slavery* sentiments is, therefore, just as absurd and unjust as it would be to speak of *Calvinism* as their distinguishing trait, because it happens that Calvinists are found in their ranks. We have made this explanation many times, but there is a class of persons who are either too stolid to understand, or too perverse to acknowledge, the truth; and so the lie, though scotched a hundred times, is never killed. If "Br. Simpkins" is honest, then he is a great deal more ignorant than a preacher of the Gospel, in this age of the world, has any right to be.

AN INFIDEL AFTER ALL!—Our whilom friend Frederick Douglass, in spite of the fraternal endorsement of his piety by Dr. Campbell of the *British Banner* (the English apologist of the American pro-slavery Church), the kind embraces and flattering compliments of New Organized, self-styled Evangelical Anti-Slavery, as represented by the Cincinnati *Christian Press* and the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, and notwithstanding the "goodly fellowship" of Lewis Tappan and other haters of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the loving hugs of the Philadelphia *Colonization Herald*, is likely, after all, to turn out as bad an infidel as Garrison, Pillsbury, and Foster, whom he so recently handed over to the buffetings of his new allies. Just read what the *North Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist) says of him:

Frederick Douglass, among many good things which we heard him say in this city (Chicago) advanced and defended the infidel sentiment, that he would as soon believe "hell a paradise, or that revivals would occur in the hold of a pirate ship, as to believe that God ever poured out his spirit upon a church which in any way tolerated slaveholding; and that the most pious slaveholder, from a bishop to the humblest laic in the South, was as criminal, and as destitute of religion, as a keeper of a house of ill-fame in the city of Chicago." Now, we regard the preaching of the boldest, rankest Abner Kneeland infidelity not half as pernicious to the cause of truth as the dissemination of such sentiments.

If Mr. Douglass expects to earn for himself the reputation of a Christian among half-hearted anti-slavery people and pro-slavery bigots, by denouncing his old associates as infidels, he must not be caught making such speeches as this, reminding us of the worst "infidel" utterances of Pillsbury and Foster. Like Phineas Fletcher, in the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, who, after putting on the garb of the Quaker, forgets himself continually and talks like a fighter, he's "off the track teetotally."

GAINED A LOSS.—The *Charleston Mercury*, the organ, *par excellence*, of the Slave Power, speaking of the Fugitive Slave Law, uses the following language:

"The South has gained nothing but a loss by this law. It was a stupid blunder on the part of the Southern statesmen. The value of the slave lost is eaten up if capture follow, while hatred to the institution abroad and opposition to it at home are increased by its hard features, and the barbarous enforcement of them."

The *Mercury* is right. We have always maintained that the South, in procuring that law, tied a millstone around the neck of Slavery, that would sink it inevitably beneath the waters of public opinion. There is no more potent cause of agitation at the North than that accursed law, which brings home to every man's conscience the truth that Slavery is a crime about which no one has a right to be silent.

LUCY STONE, when last we heard from her, was lecturing with great success in Indiana. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from New Albany, says:

Her first lecture dissipated the prejudices that have been created against her by abusive articles which have too frequently appeared in Eastern papers; and those delivered subsequently were received with marked attention and almost universal commendation. In her several efforts on the vital questions of social life, physical organization and intellectual acquirements, she produced profound reflection—a deep sentiment of inquiry, which promises results of great practical good. Her lecture on the follies, the fashions and popular vices of the age, was an excellent production, replete with good practical sense, and delivered in an eloquent and graceful manner. It is as gratifying to the friends of needful reforms as it can be to Miss Stone that her visit to and reception in our city have been marked by every respect due to one of such exalted moral worth and mental cultivation.

LIKENESS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—J. C. Derby, 74 Chambers street, has published a splendid full length engraving of Henry Ward Beecher, [illegible]ing by Hicks. It is exceedingly life-like, and, as a work of art, above all praise. Mr. Be[illegible] numerous friends and admirers will be glad to [illegible] so good a likeness of him, and we hope the worthy [illegible] will reap a handsome remuneration for his [illegible] skill. The price of the picture, we believe, is $3.50, which is certainly cheap enough for a work so beautiful. If any of our Anti-Slavery friends desire to obtain copies, they may send their orders to Oliver Johnson, at this office.

MAINE.—The Portland *Inquirer* states that a new spirit has evidently seized the Anti-Slavery women of Maine. They are forming Societies in various places and circulating Anti-Slavery publications. Dr. C. G. Parsons has been invited by the Free Democratic League of Portland to deliver a course of lectures in that city, giving the results of his observations on Slavery and Intemperance in the South.

TEMPERANCE.

Wisconsin has given a small majority for the Maine Law on a direct vote, but it is feared that the Legislature just elected will not carry into effect the will of the people.

—The Adrian (Mich.) *Expositor* advocates the abolition of "Saloons" on our steamboats. It says:

We trust another season of navigation will commence a new era in this respect, and that more than one "Saloon" will be minus the liquor. If it is necessary to have spirits on board, let it be in charge of the Steward, who can furnish it when it is really needed."

—The triumph of the Whigs in Massachusetts is regarded as unfavourable to the continuance of the Maine Law. The demijohn Democrats in Boston and other places formed a coalition with the Whigs, and thereby helped them into power, and they will demand in return the repeal of the law which shuts up the dram-shops, those "nurseries of democracy," as Mike Walsh called them.

—The *Home Journal* says: "We do not remember to have seen a drunken coloured man in the streets of New York. We had, therefore, an idea that the coloured people have no special weakness towards the alcoholic. It appears, however, there is a stir among them at present on the subject of total abstinence. Meetings are held, societies are formed, pledges are taken, and the 'cause' generally is prosperous."

—MRS. VAUGHAN, of Oswego, President of the N. Y. Women's Temperance Society, has been lecturing in this city for some time past, and has done a great deal of good in organizing Societies among her own sex and helping on the movement for the Maine Law. The friends of the cause, desirous of testifying, in some suitable manner, their sense of the value of her labours, held a public meeting, at Merritt Hall, on Sunday evening last, when appropriate addresses were made by Horace Greeley and others, and the sum of fifty dollars contributed by the audience for her benefit.

—BISHOP BURGESS (Prot. Epis.), of Maine, has written a letter in reply to several questions respecting the workings of the Prohibitory Law in that State. Having been asked whether the law had justified the expectations entertained of it by its friends at the time of its passage, he says:

What were the actual expectations, I cannot venture to say; but every reasonable expectation must have been more than satisfied. Whatever it is in the power of a prohibitory law to accomplish without extreme severity or inquisitorial scrutiny, this law has generally, in my opinion, accomplished. Those who are bent upon obtaining liquor can and do succeed; but it has ceased to be an article of traffic; it has ceased to present any open temptation; the young are comparatively safe, and all the evils of public drinking-shops and bars are removed, together with the interest of a large body of men in upholding them for their own pecuniary advantage.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH is lecturing in Cleveland. The *Commercial* speaks in very high terms of her first lecture.

—The advocates of Women's Rights are to hold a Convention in Rochester on the 30th inst. The call will be found in another column.

—The *Weekly Tribune* has 68,000 regular subscribers, distributed over all parts of the United States, though not, we venture to say, very extensively circulated in the slave States. The price of advertising in it is 30 cents a line for one insertion. A pretty good business, truly!

—A clergyman in Chicago has been subjected to the punishment known in ecclesiasial law as "*suspension*," for the enormous crime of using Watts's Psalms and Hymns instead of Rouse's Version, the one enjoined by the Covenanter Church.

—The Perquisites of the Parsons of the olden times were more substantial than those obtained by members of the profession now-a-days, unless the case alluded to by a correspondent of the *Independent*, in the following paragraph, is an exception to the general rule.

In looking over, lately, a manuscript record of the descendants of the celebrated John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," I found the following paragraph, which may serve to throw a little light on the "shady side," as it appeared a century since. In speaking of Rev. Andrew Eliot, D. D., who was installed pastor of the new North Church in Boston, April 1742, and died Sept. 13, 1778, the writer says: "It was the custom, some eighty or a hundred years ago, to give the minister rings, gloves, &c., at weddings, funerals and baptisms. I have lately come into possession of my grandfather Eliot's almanacs for forty or fifty years, in which he kept an account of such matters; and I find that in twenty-eight years of his ministry he received 2,940 pairs of gloves, of which he sold during twenty-one years to the amount of £1,441 10s. 1d. Old Tenor. During the same years he received 188 rings. In eight years he sold of these to the amount of £227 15s. Old Tenor. His presents during his ministry of thirty-six years amounted to over £8,000, Old Tenor."

— A correspondent of the *Independent* gently jogs the elbow of the Home Missionary Society after the following fashion:

I notice in your paper a record of the organization of "The Southern Aid Society." This is as it should be. Providence has thus solved the agitating problem with which, of late, many of us have been somewhat painfully puzzled. I refer to the position of the American Home Missionary Society. We have had no small solicitude as to the course it would pursue, situated as it has been, between the upper and nether millstones of the Anti-Slavery controversy. It has evidently been very difficult for it to agree with itself exactly what line of policy to adopt. On the one hand, it has seemed almost like abandoning the field of Christian labour, to narrow down all its missionary operations on slave territory to the scattered and precarious efforts directed in accordance with *strictly* Anti-Slavery principles; and this difficulty has been greatly enhanced by the personal influence of high and reverend names in its counsels who have attained the *grace of indifference* to this great subject; while from the other side the large and continually increasing Anti-Slavery pressure has been imperative in its calls for the adoption of a uniform and up-and-down policy in the slave States. But now the difficulty is safely passed—the painful necessity for decision is over—the nether millstone has *dropped out*—the grinding, the friction has ceased, and it finds itself, almost without knowing it, adhering, by affinity and the cohesion of dependence, to the upper millstone, revolving in easy gyrations through its circle of duties. May God bless it, and enable it to *redeem the time.*

—The *Shepherd of the Valley*, a Catholic journal, published under the official approbation of Archbishop Richard, gives its opinions of Popular Education in the following explicit terms:

We are not the friend of popular education as at present understood. The popularity of a humbug shall never, we trust, lead us to support it. We do not believe that the "masses," as our modern reformers insultingly call the labouring classes, are one whit more happy, more respectable, or better informed for knowing how to read. * * * *

We think that the masses were never less happy, less respectable, and less respected, than they have been since the Reformation, and particularly within the last fifty or one hundred years—since Lord Brougham caught the mania of teaching them to read, and communicated the disease to a large proportion of the English nation. * * * *

The idea that teaching people to read furnishes them with innocent amusement, is entirely false. It furnishes the majority of those who seek amusement from it with the most dangerous recreation in which they can indulge. * * * *

In view of these and other facts, we, on our own private account, and not as a Catholic, but as a prudent man and as a good citizen, unhesitatingly declare that we regard the invention of printing as the reverse of a blessing and our modern ideas of education as entirely erroneous.

—Rev. E. H. CHAPIN has just sent forth a volume entitled, "Moral Aspects of City Life," which contains a great deal of truth forcibly and eloquently expressed. We quote the following passage not only because we think it beautiful, but because it presents a striking and very agreeable contrast to the benighted sentiments quoted above from a Catholic source:

In considering the moral significance of the Press at the present day, with especial interest must we regard that most diffused and wonderful of all its products—the *daily newspaper*. I say wonderful, for I know of nothing more so. It is an embodiment of the time, not only because it contains the passing intelligence, but because the most marvellous inventions and stupendous energies of the time have produced it. It lies damp upon your breakfast table—open it, and you have the world as it looks now, daguerreotyped. The speech you heard last evening is substantially there; has been read by this time in Connecticut, and is flying towards Iowa. The electric wire has enabled it to tell you some transaction only a few hours old in New Orleans. The steamship whose lanterns as you slept came streaming through the midnight, has brought Europe to your chair. And what though great evil is blended with this wonderful agency? What though the editor's leader is unsound, or tainted with personalities? What though here is a scurrilous attack, and there a lying puff? Here, on the other hand, are all the facts of the time, and the antagonistic opinions of men, spread out with a generous catholicity. What though in one column lurks a foul advertisement? in another the moral sentiment of the time rebukes it. What though quackery promises to cure Pandora's box of evils with a box of pills? a little further you may read the conclusions of true science. In short, my friends, I maintain here that the good overbalances by far the evil, and out of this very generality of the newspapers we get the results which Milton predicted. "Though all the winds of doctine," says he, "were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing." In all these blended aspects of the daily journal, we detect the ultimate benefit, and the moral significance of freedom. It is itself a cause and a consequence of freedom. Whatever evil may blend with its temporary influence, it is intrinsically the agent of liberty, and it is the first thing at which a despot strikes. When I consider, too, the cosmopolitan spirit which it must beget, bringing together, as

to waste upon them his blandishment. All his most potent temptations he saves to corrupt the saints. Could all the conditions of degradation upon which Free-Soilers and Abolitionists, as they are facetiously styled by the *Hunkers*, have received office under this Administration be made public, the hard hearts of the *Hards* even would relent. In some cases they have been made public, and the black record of the shame of these apostates are all among the political archives at Washington to disgrace their posterity and libel human nature.

It is an additional refinement of this systematic corruption, when all the degradation is exacted, and the dazzling prize towards which the eager victim goes wriggling on his belly, with his mouth full of dust, is snatched with a sardonic grin from his grasp. Among the casualties of shipwreck and railroad slaughter, fatal only to life, one reads with sadder interest of the shipwreck poor Dix has made of honour and a noble fame, in cruising the treacherous shores of ambition. It is the special misery of these slaughters that, like Webster, the victims cannot die, but must go about for whole years, it may be, miserably feigning that they are alive. As for *bon homme* John Van Buren, neither his Pro-Slavery nor Anti-Slavery were ever more than skin deep. He is the prince of conjurors, and can eat his words with as much facility as an Indian juggler can swallow swords. It is utterly impossible to feel tragic over his case.

The New York Collector was not able to understand this system of the Administration, and acted from instinct, rather than policy. To him a Free-Soiler was a Free-Soiler, and he was content that he should remain so. To the President, a Free-Soiler was a foe to be conciliated, an enemy to be overcome by benefits. He scanned the lists of *Free Soil* appointments with much the same satisfaction that the savage counts the string of scalps smoking in his wigwam. Perhaps he may not be without hopes that there is a computable salary which would bring in Gerrit Smith, and that, if the experiment were worth trying, by first luring him within gunshot by the exposure of a collectorship, he might be able, some fine morning, to bag the head of Garrison himself. The Collector's ideas are obvious, vulgar, common-place; the President's, profound, subtle, scientific. For why are they not the most devoted servants who have a servile spirit? What later proof of devotion could be asked of a man than to sacrifice his conscience? Your men of principle are always dangerous. If they are with us to day, who can promise where the whim of their principle may take them to-morrow? But your sordid, mercenary men you may always rely upon while there is purchase in money. Oh, Mr. Ex-Collector, I suspect there are many degrees of State craft in which you are yet to learn your first lesson!

"How happens it," said the Bear, one day, to the Wolf, "that of late you have seemed disposed to tire of our ancient acquaintance? Is it possible that you can find society to your taste among those silly Sheep, in whose company I hear of you so often?" "Perhaps not," replied the Wolf, "but, betwixt you and me, I have only mixed myself up with these creatures in order the more conveniently to devour them! The Hunkers, in the simplicity of their hearts, cannot for the life of them see what fellowship a Pro-Slavery Administration can have with the Free-Soilers, but there are some of the latter who would tell that it is an association that does not at all conduce to their prosperity. It has devolved upon the Attorney-General to explain to the slow perceptions of the Bear that this friendship of the Wolf for the sheep is no slight upon him, but simply an appetite for mutton.

Because Free-Soilers get an office or two, and others are amused with the hopes of one, does it therefore follow that the Administration approves of Free-Soilers? "*Shall we sin that grace may abound?*" Surely, Paul need not be summoned to combat this exploded sophistry. It is only for their repentance that these creatures are scantily rewarded. It is only the apostates that we affect. You would not certainly deprive the Administration of the chief engine of its *moral* support!

"*If there be any purpose more fixed than another in the mind of the President, and those with whom he is accustomed to consult, it is, that the dangerous element of Abolitionism, under whatever guise or form it may present itself, shall be crushed out, so far as his Administration is concerned.*" It was well for the Attorney to express a doubt whether any one purpose was more fixed in the mind of the President than another. He has certainly had some purpose, like that of sending Mr. Dix to Paris, which was less fixed in his mind after submitting it to those whom he is accustomed to consult than before; but as this line of policy seems likely to meet the approbation of the great Power, whose puppet this Administration is, perhaps it may now be considered as about the only fixed idea the President ever had. He may possibly have other purposes; the programme of his Administration may contain other plans; but the great mission of the Government will be to crush *Abolitionism;* to *crush* it, not to restrain it, not to erect defences against it, but to *crush* it. And what is Abolitionism? What does it purpose to abolish, for the term is empty of significance save in the presence of the great villany to which it is antagonist? It proposes to abolish the Slavery of three million American men, to suppress outrages that mock at the very principle of all human laws, crimes that whiten and make venial, nay honourable, all the rest in the calendar. It advocates rights that appertain to the lowest scale of humanity, which the lips of a false Democracy have sworn by for a half century. It enjoins duties, so obvious to the most heathenized conscience, that the religion which omits them, though it include every other, is a ludicrous and lifeless formality. Abolitionism is the sentiment and faith of every American heart not poisoned by ambition, avarice or fear; its benediction is the prayer and hope of all good men on the globe; its progress is the development of civilization; its force is the living arm of Almighty God.

Mount, then, O fainting hero of Chepultepec, and, under the gaze of the observing world, ride forth in valorous, deadly shock against this fatal foe of a guilty nation's peace! Thou, too, accomplished knight, lately seen stumbling after *the bubble reputation* into a Mexican ditch, quite too eager to earn a premature notoriety that shall one day prove the very obstacle to thy ambitious hopes, mount and ride behind thy chief! Perhaps, before such formidable onslaught, the spirit of Abolitionism, that the genius of Calhoun could not conjure down, nor the artifice of Clay deceive, nor the traitor-voice of Webster arrest, stopping to seize the golden apples of *patronage*, judiciously thrown in her way, may be outstripped and vanquished, and yield her life under your spurred and booted heels.

'If there was one purpose more fixed than another in the mind of him, and those with whom he was accustomed to consult, it was that the dangerous element of *Christianity*, under whatever guise or form it might present itself, *should be crushed out*, so far as his Administration was concerned.' Louis Napoleon, so far as his Administration is concerned, has a like *fixed purpose* to *crush* Democracy. Abolitionism in this country is the natural manifestation of Democracy and Christianity. Oh, *crushing* Caleb Cushing, what reasonable hope have you, in your mad and impotent experiment, of doing aught to entitle you to a place in history beside these great prototypes of yours? T.

THE COMING PROPOSITION FOR THE ANNEXATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We shall not be surprised to find the message announcing that, long since, our Commissioner at the Sandwich Islands was directed to keep his attention fixed closely to their political condition, and respectfully to receive and forward home for the consideration of this Government, any advances or propositions which that Government might make by way of giving the United States rights there, likely to prove almost invaluable to American commerce.

—A PRACTICAL QUESTION.—At a regular meeting of the Franklin Lyceum, at Hoboken, on the 17th inst., the question for discussion was: "Which paper "exerts the greatest influence upon the morals of the "community, the New York *Herald* or *Tribune*?" After an animated and protracted debate between some dozen of the members, the decision was rendered by the Chairman in favour of the latter. Upon the merits of the argument a general vote was taken upon the question, as follows: In favour of the *Herald*, 0; in favour of the *Tribune*, 16.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent on political cookery—How the Gruel was made—Who made it—The ingredients—And who had to take it—He dismounteth from his Allegory—He giveth the heads of the Discourse—How the Constitution came to be rejected—Yellow Grease—Coalition of Orthodoxy and Romanism—Cushing's Electric Shock—Free Soil Consolation—Facing the Music and Backing it—Champagne Salutes—Maine Law triumphant—Mr. Garrison at home—The Liberator in his absence—Magnanimity of the Corresponding Editor, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Nov. 22d, 1853.

SINCE I wrote to you last, the great battle has been fought in this State, and the Whigs have carried it over the Free Soilers and the Democrats. We have had a contest here, the result of which it was so hard to predict. All parties always pretend to believe that they are sure of the day; but, still, it is perfectly clear, in general, how it will finally turn, to a looker-on. But this year, both parties, the Whigs and the Coalitionists (for, of course, the Hunkers only hoped to make mischief), really did expect to beat, and the expectations of the first-named have came to pass, as aforesaid. Many things helped to make the political cauldron boil over in this sort of way. First, there was the carcass of the old Constitution, which the Coalition, last year, had cut up and cast into it, in the hope and belief that it would come out young and vigorous again, and breathe new life into them. Then there was the contribution of the Washington beldames,

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and *tongue of dog*,"

which made it froth and bubble as it had never done before. Then there were the potent drugs dropped into it by those that live by their dealings with familiar spirits and who were united as one man against any attempt to exorcise their demons and to take from them their craft by which they get their wealth. Then, again (the Free Soilers said), the Whigs had managed to throw in

"——a pilot's thumb
Wrecked as homeward he did come."

Indeed, they affirm that there were two (not to say, four) of them. And, finally, the Lady in Scarlet who sitteth on Seven Hills ("as if ane were na enow for her auld hinder end!" as douce Davie Deans says), poured in of the Cup of her Abominations

"To make the Gruel thick and slab!"

Yea, verily, even the gruel which the Whigs gave to the Free Soilers last Monday was a week.

But, dismounting from my Allegory, which is apt to be a restive beast, headstrong as any Mrs. Malaprop tells us of "by the banks of the Nile," before it takes the bit betwixt its teeth, and carries me goodness knows where, I will invoke the Pedestrian Muse and try to tell you the story in plain English. The Coalition, two years ago, when they had the control of the Legislature, passed an Act to ascertain the will of the people as to holding a Convention for the Revision of the Constitution. The Whigs violently opposed this, and would have repealed it last year, when they had a small majority, had they dared. But as the people had voted to hold the Convention by some Seven thousand majority, they thought that would be rather a bolder *coup d'etat* than they should like the risk of. Well, the Convention met, sat some three months, and made various amendments, part of which were incorporated with the main body of the instrument and were to be adopted or rejected in a lump, while certain others were submitted separately. Among the former were the division of the State into single Senatorial districts and the towns into single Representative districts—thus taking away from any dominant party the power of the General Ticket—one of the very worst in this General-ridden country—and also giving a greater proportional representation to the Rural Districts over the Large Towns. Among the latter the Securing of the Writ of Habeas Corpus from the arbitrary discretion of the Courts; the making Juries judges of law as well as fact, in criminal cases; abolishing imprisonment for Debt; providing against the appropriation of School Money to the support of Sectarian Schools; and a few others of less consequence. This last amendment, which it was thought would recommend the whole to the great majority of the people, was in fact the immediate cause of its rejection.

The Coalition, or rather the Free Soilers and Democrats of all stripes (the striped pig, inclusive) had such a majority in the Convention that almost everybody, including the Whigs themselves; thought that it was all up with them forever. This feeling prevailed, as I have told you, to such a degree at the time of the Whig Convention that there was not a man of them on the American continent that had the courage to stand for Governor. So that they had to take the wings of the morning (or rather of the evening) and fly away into the uttermost parts of the earth for a candidate, who could not refuse, as he was three thousand miles off. It was generally thought that the sense of the inhabitants was so decidedly in favour of the new constitution that it would carry the parties that made it into power without difficulty. Indeed, I myself, wise as I am universally allowed to be in such matters, considered General Wilson as good as Governor when he was nominated by his party. Otherwise, I should not have incurred that digitabulary risk and loss which I recounted in my last and have to lament in my present. But the demonstration of that eminent Saint Orestes A. Brownson, followed as it was by the denunciations of the whole Catholic Press and Priesthood, against the Constitution, helped by the opposition offered to it by Messrs. Palfrey, Adams, Hoar and Morton, gave the Whigs heart again. They really put their shoulders to the wheel, and as they have a good share of a kind of yellow dirt, often found effectual in greasing politics wheels, they lifted their cart out of the slough and carried it into the State House again.

The influence of Messrs. Palfrey, Adams, &c., though no doubt considerable, was not sufficient to account for the result. They could only have influenced a moderate proportion of the Free Soil Party; not more than enough to counterbalance the fragment of the Whig Party in the small towns which would incline to the Constitution. The main influence that was brought to bear on the question was that of the Catholic priests. Intelligent Catholics affirm, that not a single Catholic vote was cast for the Constitution. This alone would account for its rejection, as there must be many more than five thousand Catholic voters in the State. The Free Soilers affirm, that if the question had been decided by the votes of the native population, who could read and write, the Constitution would have been adopted by as large a majority as has rejected it. It was, certainly, very funny to see orthodox deacons going up to the polls alongside of Catholic day-labourers in a holy coalition, full of zeal in the same good work. Then the orders which came down from Washington for the extirpation by Electricity of any office-holder that should dare to vote for a Free Soiler benumbed the souls of multitudes of independent and patriotic voters. In vain did Mr. Hallet, by the authority of Mr. Cushing reassure them and tell them they *might* vote as they pleased, as to the Constitution of their State Government. They had not *stamina* enough to recover from the first shock. They did not know but it might rise up in judgment against them, and bar them out of some paradise of a post-office, or a tide-waitership, and they went in terrified herds against it. And the result was the Constitution and all the Amendments were rejected by Five Thousand majority.

This, of course, puts out the pipe of the Free Soilers for the present, or at any rate gives them something to put in their pipes to smoke. But though the adoption of the Constitution might have given them a temporary triumph and carried them into the State House by the same wave which carried it there; still, it had in it the seeds of destruction for them and for all third parties. For it changed the majority principle to that of a Plurality in a sufficient number of cases to have given the permanent command of the State to the Whigs. So, perhaps, in the end, they may say with Themistocles at the Persian Court, "We had been ruined, if we had not been undone!" Their main comfort, under their tribulation, is in thinking how ruefully the eminent Whig gentlemen, who would give one (not to say both) of their jaws to be Governor, must feel at the thought that they had not the pluck to face the music at this election. This, also, is a sore evil under the sun. But, if they did not face the music, they have backed it, at any rate, for there never was such drumming and fifing and blowing of martial sound on sonorous metal as there was on that Monday night. And never was there such salutes of Champagne corks and such a general obedience to the Maine Law. For you know, the Maine Law does not interfere with the *giving away* of good liquor. There were some scandalous stories touching the effects of the said liquor on persons of eminent gravity. But as I regard my letters in the light of "*Memoires pour servir*," or materials for authentic history, I am always careful to state no facts which I cannot substantiate.

Mr. Garrison has returned home from the West in uncommonly good condition and has resumed the conduct of the *Liberator*. During his absence, it was carried on by your Corresponding Editor and Mr. May, the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. When the engagement was made your collaborator stated the terms on which he would consent to act. He said to Mr. May, "I am desirous of conducting this business on terms of perfect equality. I wish for a perfect division of labour. We will, therefore, divide the word of truth thus, *You shall do all the work* and I WILL TAKE ALL THE CREDIT!" The business was satisfactorily (at least to your Editor, as I understand) carried on, upon these terms. And I am happy to perceive that Mr. Garrison, in his article of acknowledgment, makes the same just and reasonable distinction.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Mr. Ames, an artist of Boston, has painted a very fine portrait of Hon. Rufus Choate, by order of the Alumni of Dartmouth College. It is to be placed as a companion to the portrait of Daniel Webster, in the hall of Dartmouth.

—A Savannah paper, in allusion to Miss Bremer's having called Savannah "the city of gushing springs," says, that "the old pumps, which are the only fountains in the place, ought to hold up their heads at the compliment and wag their handles."

—SAFE ARRIVAL.—"Louis," the fugitive slave who executed a discharge in his own case at Cincinnati the other day, leaving the commissioner to decide the question of law at his leisure, has arrived at Canada safe and sound. The coloured population of Cincinnati are making arrangements to celebrate the event with songs, parade, dancing, bonfires, illuminations and great guns.

—"NO NIGGERS."—A Sabbath school teacher in Louisville, Kentucky, was exhorting a poor, pious old female slave to be very humble, reminding her that she should be like the Lord Jesus, who had neither house nor home. "Yes," she added, with emphasis, "blessed be God, he had no house, no home, and *no niggers*."

—The Savannah *Republican* of the 12th inst., says that Shelley, a runaway slave, returned to his master, "and pleaded long and earnestly to be taken back to home and happiness at the South." He belonged to Edward Padelford, at Savannah, and escaped by the underground railroad while at Philadelphia with his owner.

—Dr. Nathaniel Prentiss, fromerly master of the Grammar School, in Roxbury, died at West Cambridge Mass., Oct. 12th, in the 87th year of his age. He was a graduate of Harvard College, in the class of 1787. He was a classmate of Hon. John Quincy Adams, Judge Putnam, Judge Cranch, Rev. Dr. T. M. Harris, Abiel Abbott, and other distinguished men.

—SUDDEN DEATH.—Rev. Seth Alden, of Lincoln, formerly of Brookfield and Southboro,' in this county, officiated in the Unitarian Church in Westborough, yesterday, and, while reading the first hymn in the afternoon service, dropped down suddenly, and instantly expired. He was 60 years of age. It is a remarkable coincidence, that Rev. Samuel Ripley, the Clergyman who preceded Mr. Alden, at Lincoln, also died instantly, from an affection of the heart.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

—However much we may reprehend Mr. Seward's abolition course, we cannot speak in to high terms of his ability. Eliminate his Free Soil notions, and we have few men in the country that could make a larger mark or exercise a greater influence.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Suppose we eliminate them in this way. You shall select the most violent Free Soil notions of Mr. Seward, and place them all out in fair view, and we will cover them, line for line, paragraph by paragraph, with just the same sort of notions by Daniel Webster, and then on the top of both we will place those of Thomas Jefferson, and the one whose stock gives out first shall admit beaten.—*Prov. Jour.*

—The Southern Central Agricultural Society of Georgia, taking in consideration the great advantages which may reasonably be expected to flow from periodical meetings representing the planting interests of the Slaveholding States, invite the cultivators of the soil, in every section and district of the same, to send delegates to Macon on the 20th day of Oct. next, for the purpose of adopting measures preliminary to the assembling of an Agricultural Congress of the Slaveholding States, at such time and place as may be deemed most acceptable to the States to be represented in it.

—CRUELTY TO A HORSE.—A wager of $5,000 to $1,000 having been laid by some "sporting men" that no horse in the Northern part of the United States could be produced within one year, that could trot one hundred miles in nine hours, it was decided on the Centreville (L. I.) course, on Saturday, when the wager was won by a horse driven by Mr. George Spicer. The *Times* says that at the conclusion of the hundred miles, the horse was very feeble, and was led off the track by the hostlers, who took him into a stable in the immediate vicinity, where everything was done to relieve his prostate condition; but the noble animal died.

A FORGETFUL BRIDEGROOM.—The Boston *Traveller* tells the story of a man in Massachusetts, who applied to the proper authorities, a few days since, for a marriage certificate, but upon being questioned he had forgotten the name of his intended bride. After some time spent in silent thought, he remarked that the lady was named after some city in Massachusetts, and he rather believed that it was "Worcester." But when the couple stood up before the clergyman, the lady, with a reproachful look at her careless lover, stated that her name was Somerville. He must have been deeply engaged the day before in preparing for the election.

—EFFECTS OF WRONG SPELLING.—Not long since, a gentleman, then a chorister of a certain choir in Vermont, wrote to a certain publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular singing-book entitled "The Ancient Lyre." In his communication he used the following language:

"Please send me the Ancient Liar well bound."

The publisher in answer to his request, replied: "My Dear Sir—I do not doubt but that the Ancient Liar, he who has been a 'liar from the beginning,' has been and still is, in Boston; but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strongly in his favour, it will be impossible to bind him"

—KNUD IVERSON.—The martyrdom of a little Norwegian boy named Iverson at Chicago, for refusing to steal, turns out to be a hoax, and akin to the "Pious Frauds" chronicled among the superstitions of old. A boy of the same name, however, was drowned, and a jury of his own countrymen mostly decided that his death was purely accidental. We derive these facts from the Chicago *Tribune*. Quite a sum of money has been collected from Church members, Sunday school children and others for the erection of a monument to little Knud's memory in different parts of the country, but the whole thing is viewed as a humbug at Chicago. They have $1,200 at Chicago for the Iverson monument.

—Fanny Fern pities city children. "Here comes a group of pale-faced city children, on their way to school. God bless the little unfortunates! Their little feet should be crushing the strawberries, ripe and sweet on sunny hill-slopes, where the breath of new-mown hay and clover blossoms would give roses to their cheeks and strength and grace to their cramped and half-developed limbs. Poor little creatures! they never saw a patch of blue sky bigger than their satchels, or a blade of grass that dared to grow without permission from the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council. Poor little skeletons! tricked out like the fashion-prints, and fed on diluted skim-milk and big dictionaries. I pity you."

—THE LARGEST COLLEGE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The whole number of students in the theological, collegiate and preparatory departments of Oberlin College is 1305, of whom 726 are male, and 579 are female. The salutary effects of educating boys and girls at the same institution have been demonstrated by twenty years experience at Oberlin. At no college in the Union is the general standard of education higher, at none is there so elevated a moral and religious sentiment, and we may add, that nowhere, among the same number of college bred young men, are there so few inconsiderate, ill-advised and premature marriages. A common recitation room has been found an effective antidote to romantic nonsense.—*Phila. Register.*

—THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—We are credibly informed that Mr. HENRY B. STANTON, of this State, has become connected with Messrs. Walker, Chatfield & Ashmun's moonshine project for making money in Pacific Railroad stock. Mr. Stanton will thus continue the career, in the course of which he has variously figured as an Abolitionist, a leader of the Liberty Party, a Free Soiler, a Barnburner and a pro-slavery Democrat, by assuming the functions of a lobby-agent and buyer-up of newspapers and Congress men, etcetera, in behalf of that great scheme for the transfer of money from the pockets of those who have it not. We congratulate the Company on the acquisition of a gentleman so well qualified for their service; and we congratulate the new agent on having passed from political life, in which he could shine no longer, into a station where his genius is sure to find ample room and verge enough.—*Tribune.*

—WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.—W. H. C. writes from Rochester to the Tribune, as follows:

Shall Woman *minister*, as well as be ministered to, in the Marriage Rite? Shall she ask for the declaration of the betrothed pair, announce the contract between them made, offer the prayer of consecration, give the blessing, sign the certificate, and take fee?

These new questions have met with an affirmative answer in our neighbourhood, not theoretically only but practically; for yesterday's morning-sun shone brightly in upon a ceremony, unprecedented, it is believed, in history—a marriage where Woman *alone* was the minister!

The persons, who "in the presence of God, his good spirits and these human witnesses," (to quote the words used,) "took one another in the marriage covenant," were Mr. Delos Allen and Miss Eliza W. De Garmo; the scene of the ceremony was the home of the bride's parents, in the neighbourhood of Rochester; and the minister was the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

The service was simple and beautiful, consisting of a few earnest words on the sacredness of the marriage relation—a declaration of the parties that they wedded one another—an announcement that they were "Husband and Wife," from the officiating minister—a prayer and benediction. Why should not this excellent example be followed? For who is better fitted to put into words the holy hopes, joys and emotions, called out by a wedding, than a pure-hearted, tender, devout woman?

To meet any possible objection, that may be suggested in any mind, by the mere novelty of this ceremony, it may be well to remind the doubter, that marriage in Protestant communities is regarded as a *civil contract*, though one of course in the solemnization of which, religious rites are peculiarly appropriate—that in the State of New York a declaration of the parties entering into the contract, before witnesses, constitutes legal marriage—that in addition Miss Brown is a regular *ordained* Minister—and finally, as appears from the best ecclesiastical authorities, that women were *ordained* as religious ministers—"the "deaconesses," in the early Christian Church, for several centuries. Then deaconesses took active part, we know, in baptisms; why should not women officiate in marriages, as well? But "it is for America to set precedents." So henceforth, as occasion and convenience serve, let women "bless the banns."

—ABOLITIONISM IN MISSOURI.—The insecure condition of property in Slaves in Missouri is best illustrated in the general alarm which pervades Counties in which this description of property is most numerous. When the best men in the country—old and wealthy men, those who have a great stake in the peace and good order of society—meet together for such purposes as are mentioned in the resolutions below, it may well be supposed that the provocation has been great, and that they are in earnest in what they purpose to do.

There was a mass meeting of the citizens of Howard County, at Fayette, on the 21st of October, at which Samuel C. Major presided, and G. M. B. Maughs acted as Secretary. The preamble adopted at this meeting declares that "numerous and repeated acts of disobedience and outrage having lately occurred throughout "the country among the Slave population, resulting, in "one case, in the death of an estimable citizen, and "principally, as we believe, growing out of the fact "that we have domiciled among us numerous free "Blacks and Slaves hiring their time, both of which "conditions have proven fruitful in fomenting dis-"satisfaction and theft among the Slaves, therefore, be "it resolved, that a committee of six be appointed for "the purpose of waiting upon those persons standing "security for Slaves, and to notify said persons that "such Slaves must be given up to their masters, and "also to notify all free persons of colour that they shall "leave Fayette and vicinity by the first day of December, 1853."

This Committee having been appointed, another was ordered, in connection with those appointed at a previous meeting, to act as a Town Patrol, "whose duty "it shall be to see that no negroes are found loitering "about the streets or alleys after 7 o'clock at night; "and in case any such be found, to give them nine-and "thirty-lashes, regardless of their having a pass."

By another resolution, twenty-six of the most respectable citizens of the county, whose names are given, declare themselves responsible for the actions of said committee, in the rigorous discharge of their duty.

We noticed, the other day, that twelve Slaves had escaped in one party, from Marion County, had crossed over at Quincy, and from there had been *run*, in the night time, to an Abolition hole in Adams County. This seems to have roused the people of Marion County to the total insecurity of their property, and they met in large numbers at Palmyra on the 7th inst., for the purpose of devising means to prevent the escape of Slaves, and to secure their arrest when they absconded. James B. Redd was Chairman, and H. B. King, Secretary. A serious of resolutions were adopted, organizing the "Marion Association." A competent person is to be selected as head of the patrol of the county, and competent assistants are to be provided.—*Missouri Republican.*

—THE JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—The following call, signed by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and forty-seven others, men and women, has been issued.

To the Men and Women of New York:

The "Women's Rights" Movement is a PRACTICAL one, demanding prompt and efficient action for the relief of oppressive wrongs; and as the Conventions held for several years past in different States, have answered their end of arousing earnest public attention, the time has come for calling upon the People to reform the evils from which women suffer, by their Representatives in Legislative Assemblies.

The wise and humane of all classes in society, however much they may differ upon speculative points as to Woman's Nature and Function, agree that there are *actual abuses* of women, tolerated by custom and authorized by law, which are condemned alike by the genius of Republican Institutions, and the spirit of the Christian Religion. Conscience and common sense, then, unite to sanction their immediate redress. Thousands of the best men and women, in our communities, are asking such questions as these:

1. Why should not Woman's work be paid for according to the *quality* of the work done, and not the SEX of the worker?

2. How shall we open for Women's energies new spheres of well-remunerated industry?

3. Why should not wives, equally with Husbands, be entitled to their own earnings?

4. Why should not Widows equally with Widowers become by law the legal guardians, as they certainly are by nature the natural guardians of their own children?

5. On what just grounds do the laws make a distinction between Men and Women, in regard to the ownership of property, inheritance, and the administration of estates?

6. Why should Women, any more than Men, be taxed without representation?

7. Why may not Women claim to be tried by a jury of their peers, with exactly the same right as Men claim to be and actually are?

8. If Women need the protection of the laws, and are subject to the penalties of the laws equally with Men, why should they not have an equal influence in making the Laws, and appointing Legislatures, the Judiciary, and Executive?

And finally, if Governments—according to our National Declaration of Independence—"derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," why should Women, any more than Men, be governed without their own consent; and why, therefore, is not Women's right to Suffrage precisely equal to Man's?

For the end of finding out practical answers to these and similar questions, and making suitable arrangements to bring the existing *wrongs of Women*, in the State of New York, before the Legislature at its next session—we, the undersigned, do urgently request the Men and Women of the Commonwealth to assemble in Convention, in the City of Rochester, on Wednesday, the 30th Nov., and Thursday, the 1st of Dec., 1853.

DIED.

COMSTOCK.—At her residence in Dutchess Co. N. Y. on the 11th inst. Ruth Russell, widow of the late Mathew Comstock, aged 82 years.

EMERSON.—In Concord, Mass., on the 16th inst., Mrs. Ruth Emerson, widow of the Rev. Wm. Emerson, Pastor of the First Church in Boston from 1799 to 1811, and mother of the writer and poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the 84th year of her age.

Second Decade Anniversary
OF THE
FORMATION
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

IT is almost twenty years since the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was organized by a Convention held for that purpose in the City of Philadelphia. How eventful is the history of the Society and of our country during this period! The Society, faithful in a good degree to the great principles on which, as upon the Everlasting Rock, it was so wisely founded, has gone forward steadily and fearlessly in its work of exposing the sinfulness of Slavery and its dire effects upon the pecuniary prosperity, the political relations, and the moral character of the Nation, and demanding, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation. Happy would it have been for our country, and O how happy for those who now pine in bondage! if the voice thus lifted up in the name of Justice and Liberty had been heeded and obeyed. But, alas! the American People, like Pharaoh of old, hardened their hearts, refusing to obey the mandate of Jehovah, and practically demanding, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice, to let our bondmen go? We know not the Lord, neither will we let our bondmen go." The area of Slavery has been immensely increased by iniquitous legislation and at the expense of a bloody and atrocious war; the number of slaves has augmented from two and a half to nearly four millions; and the Slave Power exults in the enactment of a new statute for the recovery of fugitive bondmen—a statute worthy of the spirit of Caligula and Draco, and disgraceful alike to our professions of Republicanism, Civilization and Christianity. Each advancing step in the progress of the Society has revealed a still "lower deep" of national corruption and profligacy, until both Church and State are shown to be utterly defiled by the dark spirit of Slavery, and the Constitution so contaminated as to leave no alternative to the friends of freedom but to repudiate its obligations or renounce their allegiance to God.

But notwithstanding these developments of national profligacy, we are far from being discouraged. Indeed, we see in these developments a sure sign of progress and a pledge of final success. We have compelled Slavery to exhibit itself in its true character before mankind; we have succeeded in fixing upon its hideous features the steady gaze of the whole civilized world; we have formed a nucleus around which is gathering, surely if not as rapidly as we could wish, a MORAL POWER which will ere long prove itself too mighty to be successfully resisted. We now know, as we did not at first, the heighth and depth, the length and breadth of the evil which we are struggling to overthrow, and this knowledge is an important preparation for the work that remains to be done. Profiting by the experience of the past, and having a never-failing source of encouragement in the consciousness that our cause is just, and that God and Truth are on our side, we must go forward, regardless of every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger that may beset our path.

In accordance with the vote of the Society at its last Annual Meeting, we hereby invite its members and friends to assemble in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 3d, 4th and 5th, to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of its Formation. The meeting will open on the first day above named at 10 o'clock, A. M. We hope to see a representation of friends of the cause from every free State, and that, by the presence and labours of many eloquent champions of freedom, the meeting may be instrumental in strengthening the Anti Slavery Sentiment of the country and hastening the day when Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Pres.*

EDMUND QUINCY, } *Cor. Secretaries.*
SYDNEY H. GAY, }

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

☞ THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR will open at

Horticultural Hall, School Street,

On Wednesday, December 21st.

The Managers would take this opportunity to entreat a more earnest and generous co-operation on the part of all the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society than on any previous occasion. Having enlarged the sphere of its operations, and increased the number of its agencies, during the present year, it will stand in need of larger pecuniary supplies, which will, we trust, be furnished to it through the Bazaar's instrumentality. We will proceed to suggest several modes of action, by either of which we shall feel ourselves essentially aided.

First, by Donations of money. We shall thankfully receive any sums that may be sent us *immediately*, for the purpose of being expended in the purchase of materials for manufacture, or that may be given at the time of the Bazaar and through its Treasury, for the purpose of increasing the general receipts. All such donations will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and in the *Bazaar Gazette*. It is not in the power of all the slave's friends to give much of their time or personal service to his cause. Of such we claim only the bestowal of their money and sympathy, and beg them to believe that the former shall be economically and faithfully appropriated, and the latter received as a fresh source of encouragement and stimulus. Were a few dollars only sent from each town in Massachusetts, how greatly would our funds be increased!

Second, by Donations of articles. Almost every kind will be suitable and acceptable. Very few articles have *ever been* sent us for which we were not ultimately able to procure a market. We would in an especial manner request the Ladies connected with the Anti-Slavery enterprise to send as large supplies of manufactured goods as if we received none from our Foreign friends. We have found, by experience, that the larger the supplies, the greater is the demand; there is no loss on the articles that are unsold at the time the Bazaar closes. We receive constant applications for assistance from Fairs held all over the country, whose funds are in one mode or other devoted to the help of the American Society, and hence it will be seen our market is unlimited. Clothing for Ladies and Children, of a useful description, knitted Stockings, Gloves and Mittens, Bedquilts and Comforters, if not too high priced, will all be found particularly saleable; and we would especially request of our country friends that they would, in these respects, remember us.

Third. We need larger supplies for our REFRESHMENT TABLE. The more economical its arrangements, the better; but for the last few years, we have been obliged to purchase tea, coffee and sugar, that, had our wants been known, some friends of the cause might have contributed. It is our wish that the Bazaar's expenses should be such only as are absolutely unavoidable. We can hardly expect the use of Horticultural Hall rent free, or that the U. S. Custom House will remit the duties on our foreign goods; but with a few exceptions like these, we wish that all the Bazaar's expenses should be, like our own time and energies, free-will offerings in this great warfare. We beg the farmer as well as the manufacturer to remember this occasion. Fruits and Vegetables of every description, Cheese and Butter, are articles for which a ready and certain sale could be procured.

Finally, we would urge upon all the duty of personal attendance and pecuniary patronage. Let all the country friends esteem it a duty no less than a pleasure to give one day, at least, to the Bazaar. Our prospects from abroad are such as warrant us in promising as large and beautiful a collection as in any former year, and we trust it will be in our power to make such arrangements as shall ensure eloquent speaking in the Bazaar during most of the evenings that it continues open. All letters in respect to the Bazaar may be addressed to Miss A. W. WESTON, Weymouth, or to Mrs. S. MAY, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Boston, November 6.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Weekly Philadelphia Register,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
PRINTED ON A DOUBLE SHEET, IN CLEAR, NEW TYPE, AND DESIGNED FOR COUNTRY CIRCULATION.

"Independent on all subjects, Neutral on none."

THE literary weeklies of this city are of acknowledged excellence, and enjoy a circulation unequalled in the annals of the hebdomadal press. The Weekly Register is not designed to compete with or take the place of any of them, but rather to occupy a space left vacant up to the present time.

The fundamental principle of the Register is the recognition of the law of Progress. In acting upon it, the editor will seek to maintain a steady comparison of the actual with the possible. His conviction is, that attempts at organic changes should be animated by a lofty ideal, but modified in practice by the conditions of the present. The most salutary and permanent reforms are those which, while embodying the wisdom of the time, yet sustain such a relation to the moral and intellectual condition of the people, as to insure their support.

Founded on the principle of Practicable Progress, the Weekly Register will be a trustworthy and comprehensive chronicler of the events of the times. Each number will contain a summary of the latest news by the foreign and domestic exchanges; editorials on the topic or topics of the day; critical articles on new works and objects of art; an article on the money and stock market; full statements of the trade, arts, manufactures, and industrial resources generally of Pennsylvania, with reports of important meetings, trials, judicial decisions, and arrests; news by telegraph from the large cities in the United States; letters from New York, Paris, London, and other places, by correspondents, of whom several are already celebrities in the literary world; original poems by writers already known to the public, and a large variety of miscellaneous and literary matter. The attention of merchants is particularly requested to the fulness and accuracy of our commercial reports from New York.

While the Register is free from all party, sectarian or sectional bias, it will not hesitate to speak out on all the current topics of the day. Aiming to be a *newspaper*, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, it can neither seek topics nor avoid them. No subject will be given the go-by in its columns; whatever society does will be reflected there as faithfully as may be. No topic will be eluded or postponed, but manfully met. Having no hobby to ride, no measures to carry, no party expediences to consult, no clique to conciliate, the Register will have no interest in perverting or concealing truth, palliating crime, excusing error, or apologizing for any social or political evil.

It will lend its hearty support to every practical and just measure for the promotion of Internal Improvements, Industrial Prosperity, Peace, Liberty, Education, Temperance, and the welfare of the working classes.

Its spirit of nationality will be large enough to embrace the whole country. Its moral sense shall be always as high as that of the community. We pledge ourselves that even its advertising columns shall never contain anything which should call a blush to the cheek of the refined and pure. It shall be as well adapted to the parlour as to the counting-house. This being our plan, we ask with confidence a cordial support from the citizens of Pennsylvania and of the South and West.

The first number will be issued on the fifteenth of November. It is desirable that the list of subscribers should be returned at as early a date as possible.

Terms of the Weekly Register.

Single copy, one year, fifty-two numbers,.....$2 00
Three copies, do do do .....

Miscellaneous Department.

CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

All the minor miseries inflicted by wind and rain on the whole population of London are a trifle to those which tax the ingenuity, perseverance, and hardihood of the thoroughly British band of men now engaged at the highest point of the Surrey Hills in rearing the grandest edifice of its kind—or, we had almost said, of any kind—in the world. The entire slope of a lofty hill, comprehending great varieties of surface, is being formed and fashioned, excavated, embanked, terraced, walled, stepped and ballustrated, into a paradise of gardening, far surpassing the architectural grandeurs of Versailles, and combining with them the peculiar features of English landscape gardening. When it is all done, a lady will be able to traverse the whole of the fairy region along furlongs of terrace, miles of gravel walk, thousands of steps, amid and even under endless fountains and cascades, without moistening the satin shoe in which she has left the drawing-room of the Crystal Palace Hotel—that is to be, but that at present is a matter of faith. Thus far the whole fairy creation, like the monsters said to be engendered by the sun on the banks of the Nile, is struggling to extricate its limbs from elemental mud—excepting where a mountain of granite has already been reared, a graceful slope already furled, or a long train of planks bends under processions of wheelbarrows. The uniform of the place, from the labourer foundering at the bottom of a huge tank to the engineer spanning the sky with an arch of glass, under which the Monument of London would stand with some feet to spare, is trousers turned up to the knees, and sleeves to the elbows. Were it not that the wind is alternately sou'-wester and nor'wester of the most furious description, the adaptation of the dress to the work to be done would, doubtless, proceed further; but flesh and blood require comfortable clothing at the top of Penge-hill—the southern boundary line, as everybody knows, of our London horizon.

But the work proceeds rapidly in spite of all these impediments. The vast central transept is nearly filled with scaffolding; rib after rib of the huge vault is fixed in its place, and by New Year Day, we are told, the whole fabric will be delivered to the painters and decorators. The British public is so well acquainted with the parent edifice in Hyde Park, that it may be sufficient to mention a few points of difference. The whole nave has the same arched roof and rises to the same height as the old transept. Its length is broken, and the effect made much more picturesque, by columns projecting at intervals. Instead of the long broad galleries in the old building, there are light aerial galleries, that fly, as it were, all about the building, at various heights, giving greater variety of view to the promenaders, without intercepting the light from the magnificent courts below. The center transept, instead of being 60 feet wide and 108 feet high, is, we believe, 100 wide and 170 high from the flooring—more than 200 from the ground under its eastern end. The decorations will be warmer and richer than in the old building. The whole space will be thoroughly warmed, so as to secure a comfortable, uniform, and healthy temperature, in which the strongest man or the weakest woman may spend the whole of a winter's day. Sir Joseph Paxton himself spent three hours a day for three months in planning the apparatus, which, among other wonders, comprises fifty miles of iron pipes for the passage of warm water, carefully kept somewhat below boiling heat. The area will be laid out much more ornamentally than that of the old building. Already the whole of Loddige's collection at Hackney has been secured, and thousands upon thousands of camelias and other ornaments of our conservatories are flourishing at a much lower temperature than is usually thought necessary to their existence. Such a place, it is evident, will be admirably adapted, not merely for invalids, but for the much more numerous class that are confined to their houses for weeks and weeks in winter by the severity of the British climate. The temperature of the place will be far more uniform, and being on so high and healthy a spot far more salubrious than that of a London drawing-room, with its smoke from the chimney, draughts from the windows and doors, and occasional odours from the kitchen below. It will be a Madeira without the voyage, without the separation from friends, or the loss of English comforts. One thing only is wanting to the physical enjoyment of the place, viz: that an invalid, or any not very strong person, should be able, not merely to make the journey from town, take an hour's promenade, and then return, which mounts up into a considerable effort, but make a lengthy stay at the Palace, going in and out for a spare half hour, to fill up odd intervals, or just as inclination might suggest. That can only be done by a capacious and comfortable hotel communicating with the Palace. Such a place is already in contemplation. We have no doubt whatever that, as a matter of enjoyment, expense, health and improvement, it will answer the purpose even of people of good incomes to spend a spare week, or even month, at such an hotel, instead of a watering place or a country villa.

But the glory of the place, and which makes it at once a Versailles, a Louvre, a Museum, and a Jardin des Plantes, is its magnificent and infinitely varied contents. The Courts will very far surpass those in the old building, much as they were frequented and admired. There is a whole Pompeian house—an exact restoration, we believe—so exquisitely beautiful that no mansion will be thought complete for the future without at least one Pompeian room, besides Pompeian villas by the dozens. There is the gorgeous Hall of the Alhambra, and not less beautiful are the Grecian Courts, and the Gothic Courts, and a Court of the *Renaissance*, besides an Assyrian Court grand enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of the marbles in the British Museum, or the spectable at the Princess's. These Court are all vastly more spacious, open, and graceful in their arrangements, than anything in Hyde Park. To speak of the casts is, in fact, to speak of the art of sculpture, the art of wood and metal engraving, or the arts altogether, for the collection embraces almost everything remarkably beautiful, interesting, or curious in the world in these departments. Here are a vast number of statues, busts, and carvings which people go thousands of miles to see, and which they often see under great discomforts, hurried and fatigued. Even the almost infinite collections at the Louvre and Versailles are respectably represented; and hundreds of French worthies that we know only as they figure in history or literature we have introduced to us with an exactness that will probably disabuse us of many a preconceived idea. The value of the collection appears from the fact that we have literally no such thing either in degree, or even in kind. We have some antiques, such as have accidentally fallen into our hands, but we have no attempt at a gallery comprehending casts of all the best examples, nor have we any gallery of historical sculpture whatever, not even relating in our own country, unless we are to call Westminster Abbey in exception, as far as it goes. We believe that only one foreign Government has offered any obstacles to our collectors. As to the quality of the casting, it is so exact as to give us quite a new version of some very familiar statues; while the casts of metal and woodwork, especially of certain carved doors, are perfect marvels of minuteness and precision. Were we once to begin, or were we to go more into details than we have done, we should soon lose ourselves, and, therefore, must be content with this very general and inadequate sketch of the collection.

As to the prospects of the speculation, wise people of course shake their heads at an expenditure which rather reminds one of the freaks of a young millionaire come to his majority, than the proceedings of business like men having an eye to the main chance. The sum totals of work and material are inoredible; more granite than ever was brought into London before, more ironwork than can be produced or delivered, the earthwork of a railway, besides three actual railways from the metropolis to the place; miles of public road to be diverted, fountains throwing up altogether two thousand gallons a second, every kind of poetical extravagance in iron and in water, temples "glazed" with films of water, colonnades under waterfalls, a botanical collection as large and as complete as the climate will allow, and a bit of the antediluvian world, with gigantic saurians and plants to the life size—all run up into a bill which it is frightful to think of. It must be thought of, however, presented to shareholders, and, if possible, paid out of the tickets of visitors. Louis XIV. is said to have burnt all the bills of Versailles, and some politicians tell us it was paid for by the French Revolution. In this instance there will be an exacter audit, and we will hope a more agreeable settlement. But it is not our business to anticipate the verdict of the public on that point. We don't see at all why the thing should not answer to the shareholders as well as it must do to the convenience and pleasure of the public. We cannot but be anxious for its success, inasmuch as it will remove a reproach long hanging over this country—that it has no grand collections, no places of recreative and instructive resort, no palace, in fact, of the people. Such a thing we certainly shall have next summer, and that not extracted by profligate Sovereigns, corrupt Ministers, and subservient Legislatures from an oppressed people, but, as we are proud to do all things, by mere private enterprise.—*London Times.*

SONG.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

Oh bird, thou dartest to the sun
When morning beams first spring,
And I like thee would swiftly run,
As sweetly would I sing;
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Unto the source of fire;
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup,
And quenchest thy desire.

Oh dew, thou droppest soft below
And pearlest all the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found;
I would like thine had been my birth,
Then, I without a sigh,
Might sleep the night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

Oh clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,
While moon and stars your fold can keep
And gently shepherd you—
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new shorn fleeces white.

Oh singing winds, that wander far
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and moon
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That shine so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird and dew and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth,
To waken in the sky. —*Liberty Bell of* 1850.

HERCULANÆUM.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, gives the following account of the recent excavations at Herculanæum:

Months have now elapsed since I called your attention to the fact that government had recommenced the excavations of Herculanæum. Wonderful it is, indeed, that, after the discovery there of such miracles of arts as now enrich the Museo Borbonico, these excavations should have been so long suspended; and equally wonderful is it that, on being renewed, the work should be done on so parsimonious, so wretched a scale. One half of Herculanæum may be considered as lying under the modern city of Resina, and as therefore lost to the world, for the present at least; the other half lies under vineyards.

The portion which has hitherto been excavated is but a minute portion, a mere corner of this latter, this accessible half. To the restoration to the light of what may influence so much the taste and bear so much on the comforts and conveniences of mankind, the Neapolitan government has at length resolved to devote 400 or 500 ducats a year—a grant equal to about £80, or 4s 6d. a day—enabling the directors to put on not more than ten or twenty men. Still the smallest instalment of what is due to the world is better than nothing. Before, however, I speak of what has been done during this year, I shall give a hasty glance at the past.

It is of course as well known in England as in Naples, that all the *chefs-d'œuvres* of art and of antiquity which have produced such a happy revolution in the taste of entire Europe, and so much affected domestic ornaments, and even utensils, were found during the last century in Herculanæum. Until very recently the excavations have been conducted by burrowing rather than mining; thus enabling the antiquary to abstract what was interesting or valuable in art, but leaving the city as far removed from ordinary observation as it had been for eighteen centuries. It was at length resolved, in 1827, to lift the cover and expose the city to light—a suggestion for which we are indebted to Cavalier Bonucci, who for many years has been director of the excavations of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and who is well known to the world by the many important discoveries which he has made.

The revolution of 1848-'9 was, of course, a death blow to all proceedings connected with mere taste for the fine arts, and the excavations of Herculanæum and Pompeii were suspended. The objects of interest which had been discovered in them and deposited in the Museo Borbonico were voted national property, and, if party representations can be depended on, were in danger of changing hands.—Everything, however, has now returned to the administration of the royal house, and one of the first consequences is the renewal of the work both at Pompeii and at Herculanæum. To direct the latter, Bonucci has in a more particular manner been destined; and though such a paltry sum has been devoted to so important an object, we yet hope that the little that can be done will have the effect of stimulating to a greater effort.

The new excavations, commenced in January last, have already brought to light a part of the old arsenal, near the port of Herculanæum, so famous in the times of Augustus and Titus. Formerly the sea washed the walls; it has now receded full half a mile, so that the bare mention of the port of Herculanæum is enough to awaken a smile of incredulity on the face of one who is unacquainted with the changes that have taken place on the coast of the Mediterranean. On visiting this spot, a few days since, I found myself in a series of small rooms or apartments, with kitchens attached, which had just been laid open; apparently they had been quarters for marines. The entrance was over a roof, which is on a level with the present surface of the ground; and, ascending a few steps on the left, we found four or five other steps, at the bottom of which was an entrance to probably a cellar, over whose roof we had entered.

Here there was found so much salt water surging up that the works had been for the moment suspended; our direction, therefore, lay straight forward, into the small rooms of which I have spoken. The roof is vaulted, and very lofty; whilst the partition walls are very low, showing that one large hall or space had been hastily or rudely arranged with a view to the convenience of numbers. In the first small room, which was a kitchen, still exist the stove and grates, precisely of the same form as are now to be seen in every part of Magna Grecia. Beneath the stove lay fragments of pottery, which a slovenly cook might have thrown there an hour before, "to put them out of the way;" whilst the bones of the poor cook, it might be, were found mixed up with ashes and the instruments of his trade.

In the same place, also, were found bones and minute fragments of iron plates; indicating, in the opinion of Cavalier Bonucci, that in the awful moment of this city's destruction some men were surprised and overwhelmed on this very spot. But few remains could be preserved, so utterly destroyed were they by time, and so mingled and moulded *en masse* with the fine ash, which had not been, perhaps, carefully enough removed. All, indeed, that I could well distinguish, were portions of ribs and skull bones. Yet what a melancholy interest have these, especially as connected with history! It is said of Pliny the elder, who, at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius in 79, was admiral of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, that he went in a "liburnica" from Misenum to save some "classiari."

His nephew, writing to Tacitus, says, that all the efforts of his uncle were useless in consequence of the raging of the volcano; and that he was obliged to turn the prow of his vessel to Stabia, now Castellamare, where he died, the victim of his love of natural science. From the kitchen on which I have so long dwelt, we passed through a small room and entered another kitchen. On the grate or stove were lying pieces of charcoal; the mark of the smoke was fresh upon the stove. Below and by the side of it was a sink for receiving dirty water, and the hole which carried it off was still entire. Beyond this were one or two other small rooms; and then our progress was stopped by a mountain of indurated ash. In this they were mining or burrowing a passage, and of discoveries in this direction I shall have to speak, I hope, in some future article.

Of ornament these rooms appear to be almost entirely destitute; indeed, the only trace of anything of the kind was an entrance passage wall, whereon I discovered faint traces of perpendicular painted lines. I must not omit to say that some silver and bronze coins, of the times of Augustus and Titus, have been found here, as also a bronze coin with Punic characters. It was doubtless one of the elements of the commerce which was carried on between this coast of Italy and the opposite African Carthaginian coast.

As fresh matters of interest turn up, I shall forward it, but the works go on slowly, of course.

TOM MOORE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne" (I have but one voice against me, and that is my own).

The same lady, speaking of a dear friend who had red hair "and all its attendant ill consequences," and of whom some she said she was very virtuous, remarked, "Oui, elle est comme Samson; elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveaux!" (Yes, like Sampson all her strength is in her hair.)

Sheridan used to tell a story of one of his constituents saying to him, "Oh, sir! things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform in Parliament; we poor electors are not properly paid at all."

Lord John mentioned, that Sydney Smith'rtold him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "That generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

Bonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute, "*Laissons au moins la Republique des lettres.*" Let us at least leave the Republic of letters.

Voltarie, listening to an author who was reading to him his comedy, and said, "Ici le chevalier rit" (here the chevalier laughed), exclaimed, "Il est bien heureux!" He is in a very good humour.

We have a little string of beads, gathered by Moore, from a note book of the historic Buckingham.

"I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday."

"A woman whose mouth is like an old comb, with a few broken teeth, and a great deal of hair and dust about it."

"Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near."

"That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one."

"One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made."

"Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them."

"A sort of anti-blackamoor, every part of her white but her teeth."

"A woman whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light?'"

"How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together."

Moore laments "that Lord John showed to so little advantage in society from his extreme taciturnity, and still more, from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others;" and adds: "Several to whom he was introduced, had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that, to Frenchmen, such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature." But a great many of the best anecdotes are nevertheless, attributed to Lord John. Thus:

"Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversations), that in giving his opinion one day of Lord ——, he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character. So remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible that he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably worth his while."

Again:

"Lord John told us of a good trick of Sheridan's upod Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputationers), always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are to bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson halooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah! you're beat, you're beat." Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching."

Here are two more stories of Sheridan:

"Sheredian told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. 'Yes,' said Sheridan, 'it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two.' He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, 'Certainly, Latin, Greek and Algebra.' 'By what people was it spoken?' 'By the Algebrians, to be sure,' said Sheridan."

Shaw, having leat Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating Sheridan about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25, to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon may word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do: I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c., &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

Sydney Smith and Luttrell compared—Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto, but this day he conquered me, and I now am his victim in the laughing way for life His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by the contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith that after the former you remember what good things he said, and after the latter you merely remember how much you laughed.

Music and Painting.—Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures, when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and the last opportunity, he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c., &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feelings for the arts, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

Coleridge—A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work which he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage £3 10s. 6d." He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the seven hundred copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the cellar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

Sydney Smith.—"I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

Mirabeau—Once, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of Maury, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "Je m'en vais renfermer, M. Maury, dans un circle vicieux" (I mean to enclose you up in a vicious circle). Upon which Maury exclaimed, "Comment! veux tu m'embrasser" (How! do you mean to embrace me).

Jekyll.—In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, "for on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

Rogers, on somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, said, "'Tis from want of practice. Knight was always a very bad listener."

Scroope Davies called some person who had a habit of puffing out his cheekes when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian Lyre."

Talleyrand—Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said, "C'était donc votre pere qui n'etait pas bien" (It was your father, then, that was not good looking).

An Old Acquaintance.—"Is your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, Sir, that's out, too."

Another—A fellow in the Marshalsea, having heard his companion brush his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh! a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

George the Fourth gave a drawing room. Rogers said that he was in himself a sequence—king, queen, and knave."

When E. Nagles came to George the Fourth, with the news of Bonaparte's death, he said, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is *she*, by Gad?" said the king.

Cure for Love.—Mrs. Dowdell's husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odeschalchi, but he jilted her; and *she had six masses said* to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

Talleyrand.—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin," who delayed him, Tallyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "Nous appellons Pekin," says Davoust, "tout ce qui n'est pas militaire" (We call Pekin everything not military). "Oh, oui, c'est comme chez nous," replied Talleyrand, "nous appellons militarie tout ce qui n'est pas civil" (Oh, yes, as we call everything military which is not civil).

Adam Smith and Johnson.—This account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson is given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw," said Smith, "this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b——h." Good, this, between two sages.

Sheridan (when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones)—"It is an unconstitutional tax, as they are a race that cannot meet to remonstrate."

Denon told an anecdote of a man who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meager and bad that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said: "Well, now the ice is broken. I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day?" "Most willingly."

"Name your day, then." "To-day, tor example," answered the dinnerless guest.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

Fielding told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe), and gave his name, Monsieur de St. Cyr the clerk answered: "Il n'y a pas de Saint (There are no Saints). Diable! M. Cyr, donc (The devil! Cyr, then). Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avous decapite le tyran (There is no Sire: we have decapitated the tyrant)."

Scott says: "Lord Byron is getting fond of money. He keeps a box, into which he occasienally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight (Scott tells me), is to open his box and contemplate his store."

Ghosts.—Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least; while they were once drinking together, a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them, whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of fire-place, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forward to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place.

It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honours and prosperity to him before whom it appeared; but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord Castlereagh told it without hesitation, and as if believing it implicitly.—*Collated from the Life of Moore by the Evening Post.*

FLOWER-BELLS.

Soft Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:

"Sir—We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Qeeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,

"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),

"Flint and Grinston."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; but it did mean that he must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old creature who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scare-crows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings, that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir: take it, if it will help me in this business.

"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for—shall we say?—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir." A homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flowerpots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbours had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wallflowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature—except that it grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir," said the girl; "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and on the table, with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologized for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry,"

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, sir, is my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter, who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A longe debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavoured to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers almost put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his green-house over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessaries of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there, until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and green-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighbourhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighbourhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labour—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase, which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why it looks no handsomer in the West Indies. But where ever did you get